The Outlook

Vol. 70 March 22, 1902 No. 12

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The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

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How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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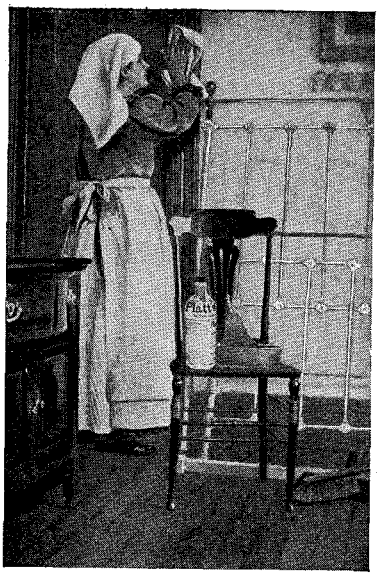

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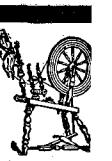

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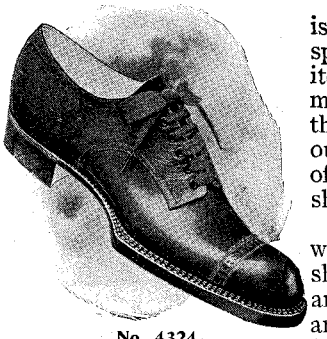

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 70 March 22, 1902 No. 12

Popular Election of Senators

This year for the fourth time—and this time unanimously—the House of Representatives has passed a resolution to amend the Constitution so that United States Senators shall hereafter be elected by the people of the several States instead of by the Legislatures. In previous years this resolution has never been allowed to come to a vote in the Senate—the committee in charge uniformly smothered it. This year, however, supporters of the resolution all over the country have been active in its behalf, and, since the unanimous approval of the measure in the House, Senators have been fairly bombarded with letters from constituents asking them not to defeat the popular will. Last week Senator Berry, of Arkansas, brought the matter before the Senate by proposing that the committee in charge of the House resolution be asked to report it to the Senate. Senator McMillan, of Michigan, the Chairman of the committee, at once declared that the committee intended to report the resolution, but Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, another member of the committee, made a strenuous protest against action upon it. Senator Hoar declared that the proposed change was revolutionary, and that its acceptance would imperil the equal representation of States in the Senate. This peril seems to the public distinctly far-fetched. The proposed amendment would leave undisturbed the Constitutional provision guaranteeing equal representation in the Senate. Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, has attempted to give an apparent ground for Senator Hoar's fear by offering an amendment to the House resolution providing that each State shall be allowed an additional Senator for every half-million people it has. This amendment, however, is merely proposed by an enemy of the House resolution in order, if possible, to bring ridicule upon its principle. It seems more likely to bring the ridicule upon its author, who ought to know that an amendment lessening the influence of the smaller States in the Senate is sure to be unpopular—since the smaller States are always numerically in the majority—and that even if his amendment secured the assent of two-thirds of the States it still could not become a part of the Constitution. The Constitution specifically stipulates that while any other amendment may be adopted by the vote of two-thirds of the States, "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." Senator Penrose should read the Constitution before he attempts to frighten the small States by a threatened loss of equal representation in the Senate.

❀

Ship Subsidies and Sugar Tariff

The Ship Subsidy Bill passed the Senate on Monday of this week, by a vote of 42 to 31. Six Republican Senators voted with the Democrats against the bill on the final ballot, while only one Democrat, Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, voted for the bill. The Republicans whose votes were cast against the bill were: Allison and Dolliver, of Iowa, Dillingham and Proctor, of Vermont, and Spooner and Quarles, of Wisconsin. At almost the last moment amendments were introduced by Senator Hanna providing in effect that ships built abroad should not benefit from the proposed subsidy, that Americans may hold interests in foreign ships engaged in foreign trade, and that American registry should not hereafter be granted to foreign-built vessels. These amendments were accepted. Amendments proposed by Mr. Allison limiting the time within which contracts can be entered into to July 1, 1910, and the duration of contracts to

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July 1, 1920, and providing that not more than five million dollars for subsidies shall be spent in one year up to July 1, 1907, and not more than eight million dollars after that date, were all accepted. In the House the fourth Republican conference over Cuba proved ineffectual, but the beet-sugar men were defeated in their effort to make the adjournment of the conference end the discussion of Cuban relief. They were, however, anxious for a test vote upon the proposal of the Ways and Means Committee to grant Cuban sugar a permanent reduction of twenty per cent. from the Dingley rates. The source of their astonishing strength was clearly stated by Mr. Dick, of Ohio, in a recent interview:

> I shall read, if I get an opportunity at the next conference, a letter from a manufacturer of agricultural machinery in my own home city. He says he can buy the products of the Steel Trust so much cheaper in England that he can afford to pay the freight back to this country on them, and yet the soot of the Pittsburg chimneys is almost falling on his roof. He argues that if any changes are to be made in the tariff, they ought first to affect the materials forming the basis of so many manufactures.
>
> How can we leave undisturbed such duties as these on the products of great industries of the East, while strangling something which is genuinely an infant industry? As I understand protection, that is not what it is for. I have no beet sugar in my district, and do not expect any, and yet, viewed in the light of fair play to the farmer, I cannot see anything worse than to grant the proposed concessions to Cuba.

It has been difficult, Mr. Dick went on, to show wherein the protective tariff raised the price of farm products except in the items of wool and sugar, and a tariff revision which touched sugar only would be extremely unpopular in the farming districts. Yet the city Republicans are much more anxious than the rural Republicans to avoid a general tariff revision, and therefore are unwilling to report a Cuban reciprocity bill unless the beet-sugar men will accept it in advance, and agree to a rule preventing other tariff reform amendments from Democratic or Western Republican sources. The only compromise upon which there is any present prospect of Republican agreement is one limiting the proposed concession to Cuba to one, two, or three crops. The duty of the country and the party grows more clear as the discussion goes on.

Ex-Governor Altgeld Ex-Governor John P. Altgeld, who died suddenly last week just after delivering an address at a pro-Boer mass-meeting in Joliet, Illinois, was born in Germany in 1847. He was brought to this country in his infancy and grew up on a farm in Ohio, receiving extremely little schooling. At sixteen he enlisted in the Ohio militia, paying his father $90 of the $100 he received as bounty in order to make up for the loss of his labor on the farm. At the close of the war he returned to Ohio, and by attending school one winter as scholar earned a certificate to teach the next. After a period of hard work and harder privations, he was admitted to the bar of Missouri when he was twenty-two, and five years later was elected States-Attorney of his county. In 1873 he went to Chicago, where a few years later he made his mark in politics by a brilliant though unsuccessful campaign for Congress in a strong Republican district. In 1886 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Cook County, and held that position till 1891. In 1892 he was elected Governor of Illinois, and in that position won a State reputation as an incorruptible administrator, and a National reputation as a defender of lawlessness. His State reputation rests upon the financial success of his administration of the State's prisons and the moral force he showed in keeping the spoilsmen out of the State's charitable institutions and in keeping the corporations from obtaining public franchises by legislative corruption. His National reputation as a friend of lawlessness rests upon his pardon of three Anarchists who had been convicted as accomplices in the Haymarket massacre and his denunciation of President Cleveland for sending troops into Illinois at the time of the Pullman strike without awaiting the request of the Illinois authorities. The Outlook emphatically approved of the President's action as not only effective but merciful. This is not the occasion, however, to discuss the wisdom of either of these acts. But those who have read ex-Governor Altgeld's pardon message are convinced of the depth and the sincerity of his belief that the Anarchists had not been fairly tried, and that the jurors, according to a subsequent decision of the

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Supreme Court, were not legally competent to serve. His criticism of President Cleveland for sending troops into the State was not based upon sympathy with disorder, for he had recently sent the State militia to put down riotous coal-miners, but upon his belief that the protection of domestic order had been made a State function by the framers of the Constitution, and that the State authorities should first have been called upon to protect the property of the railroads. His sympathies in this case, however, were strongly with the strikers, and in his subsequent career, as each new question arose, he constantly took the side of the poorer classes against the more powerful. This attitude, persistently and aggressively maintained, caused him to be widely denounced as a demagogue; but if a demagogue is one who adjusts his speech to secure the favor of majorities, few public men in popularly governed countries have less deserved the term. Mr. Altgeld was rather a leader of forlorn hopes than a conciliator of majorities. He believed that, in the present as in the past, in this country as in Europe, a majority of the poor will, on every question, for a long time, follow the leadership of the powerful, and the whole effort of his last years in politics was to force his party to stand for unpopular principles, rather than gain office through compromise. History may class him with fanatics, but not with demagogues. Mr. Altgeld's unquestionable devotion to the cause of the working people was of a quality and a courage which are well worthy the emulation of those politicians who are always talking to and about the people, but whose chief concern is their own advancement. Mr. Altgeld's great defect was an infirmity of temper; his bitterness of spirit towards men who differed from him not only blinded him, but approached fanaticism in its intensity.

❀

Secretary Long's Successor

It has been known for some time that Secretary Long has desired to retire from the Cabinet; indeed, he would have asked to be relieved as long ago as the close of the war with Spain, had not important questions with which he was better acquainted than any one else could be demanded further service from him. After President McKinley's death Mr. Long was urgently and cordially asked to retain his portfolio by President Roosevelt, and now, in finally accepting his resignation, the President writes with evident feeling: "It has never been my good fortune to be associated with any public man more single-minded in his devotion to the public interest." It was under Secretary Long that Mr. Roosevelt performed arduous and most efficient work as Assistant Secretary in making the navy ready for war, and by the joint work and preparation of the two men the splendid achievements of our ships in battle were made possible. Secretary Long's successor, Mr. William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, has served in Congress for six or seven years, not merely with credit, but with distinction. He is regarded as a hard worker, a man of clear, vigorous mind, and in executive capacity is believed to be one of the best men available for a Cabinet office. As a member of important Congressional committees he has had experience with the practical work of government, and has an extensive special knowledge of naval affairs. His appointment, so far as we have seen, has met with no hostile criticism from men of either party.

❀

The Boston Freight-Handlers' Strike

At the beginning of last week there was the prospect of an indefinite paralysis of traffic, centering in Boston and extending no one knew how far. A month before, the R. S. Brine Transportation Company had apparently won its contest with its striking teamsters, largely through the action of the courts in enjoining picketing and punishing the offensive cry of "Scab!" in the ears of the men employed to break the strike. The enjoining of "picketing" seems likely to lead to the definite legalization of that process by the Massachusetts Legislature, which is considering the adoption of a measure similar to that passed by the English Parliament a few years ago; but the punishment of the cry of "Scab!" as an affront equivalent to a blow meets with almost universal public approval. The prohibition of the use of the term "scab," however, did not

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make the strike-breakers any more popular with the unions, and a boycott was instituted, and, as a result, the union men in one industry after another refused to work with the teamsters of the R. S. Brine Company. A week ago last Saturday the freight-handlers of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad joined in this boycott by refusing to go on the wagons of the R. S. Brine Company to help unload, and leaving their employment rather than do so. The strike of these freight-handlers served as a signal for sympathetic action from all sorts of unions, until by Tuesday nearly twenty thousand men were on strike—teamsters, longshoremen, expressmen, meat-handlers, wool and leather handlers, freight-handlers, and freight clerks—and the strike fever was extending among other grades of railroad employees, and among the employees in industries only indirectly served by the non-union workmen engaged to take the strikers' places. In still other industries men willing to work were unable to obtain materials or ship goods, and the business of the city was almost brought to a standstill.

❀

Governor Crane's Arbitration

At this crisis the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, the Secretary of the Arbitration Committee of the Civic Federation, and business men representing a great variety of organizations, set to work to effect a settlement. The outlook did not at first seem hopeful, for, as the strike was at first reported, the unions were demanding that the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad should discriminate between freight brought to it in union and in non-union wagons. Inasmuch as railroads are chartered to serve as common carriers, it was clear that the New Haven officials could not legally allow its employees to make any such discrimination. It soon developed, however, that the unions made no such demand. They simply demanded that the New Haven road should, like the Boston and Maine, confine itself to the impartial reception of freight delivered at its stations by union and non-union wagons, and not require its freight-handlers to go upon the wagons to assist in unloading them. The unions wished arbitration of the whole difficulty, but the officials of the New Haven road were less conciliatory, and unwilling to go further than to state that in the future the road might adopt the Boston and Maine rule. The situation was serious in the extreme, and the settlement secured was due chiefly to the attitude taken by Governor Crane and the unusual confidence which the workingmen of Boston repose in his ability and sincerity. Instead of seeking to avoid responsibility, Governor Crane assumed it, and told the representatives of the unions that if they would order their men back to work, he would bring all possible pressure to bear to secure an adequate remedy for the grievances of which they complained. The union officials, in the face of certain protest from many of their constituents, accepted the promise of future redress, declared the strike off, and thus avoided what was likely to be a long, losing strike, in which the losses of the victorious railroad and of the non-combatant public would have been only less serious than those of the strikers themselves. The men generally went back to work, and Governor Crane appealed to the public "to do its part," and to other employers of labor "to see that the men who went out are reinstated as far as possible."

❀

Not a Pro-Trust Decision

The decision of the United States Supreme Court last week against the constitutionality of an Illinois anti-trust act was not, as widely reported, a decision sustaining trusts. The case before the Court was that of two dealers in sewer-pipes who refused to pay for goods purchased of the Union Sewer Pipe Company, of Ohio, on the ground that the company had violated the Illinois anti-trust act, and therefore could not legally collect its claims within that State. The United States Supreme Court holds that this law is unconstitutional, not because of the severity of the penalty prescribed for its violation, but simply and solely because it discriminated between trusts in manufacturing products and trusts in agricultural products, thus denying manufacturers "the equal protection of the laws." The decision of the Court was written by Justice Harlan, who points out in a few

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clear sentences that the Illinois act divides "people engaged in trade into classes, making criminals of those in one class who do certain forbidden things, while allowing another and favored class in the same trade to do the same thing." Justice McKenna alone of the Court dissented from this opinion, holding that the Illinois Legislature had a right to hold that combinations restraining trade in farm products and live stock were not hurtful to the public interest, while combinations in other lines of trade were hurtful. But such a distinction between live-stock combinations and sewer-pipe combinations does not appeal to the common sense of justice. It is true that there are some combinations which the law never seeks to prevent—combinations of banks to establish clearing-houses, of railroads to furnish through freight facilities, and nowadays of workmen to shorten hours or get better wages. But in all these cases the end which the combination has in view is regarded as promotive of the general welfare. No such claim can be made for a combination to prevent competition in any line of trade, and a statute allowing one class of citizens to make such combinations, and at the same time refuse to pay their debts to another class making them, violates the principle of equality in the laws.

❀

The Northern Securities Company

Last week at St. Paul, Minn., by direction of Mr. Knox, Attorney-General of the United States, a bill in equity was filed in the Circuit Court for the District of Minnesota, in the case of the United States, complainant, against the Northern Securities Company, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific Railway Companies, and others, defendants. The bill, which is both long and strong, seeks to test the legality of the merger of the above-named railways into what it terms the "holding corporation"—the Northern Securities Company. The action is brought under the Anti-Trust Law of 1890, and the complaint is that the merger is a combination or conspiracy in restraint of inter-State trade. The Northern Securities Company is a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the Great Northern Railway was organized under the laws of Minnesota, and the Northern Pacific under the laws of Wisconsin. The two last-named companies are common carriers, doing an inter-State business. Prior to the doing of the acts complained of, they owned and operated two separate, independent, parallel, and competing lines of railway, aggregating over fifty-five hundred miles in length. But Attorney-General Knox does not present his case alone on a violation of the Anti-Trust Law. He also declares that the Northern Securities Company, organized solely as the machinery of the merger, and having given no consideration, beyond its own certificates, for the stocks acquired, "was not organized in good faith to purchase and pay for the stock." This, to say the least, is an adroit and ingenious point. It anticipates the certain contention of the defendants, that to forbid purchases for honest investment by a stockholding corporation must, in the very nature of things, be followed by the prohibition of such purchases, under similar circumstances, by private individuals; in other words, if a citizen may buy and hold shares in one of two competing roads, or in both, cannot any other citizen, the Northern Securities Company, for example, do the same? But in this sense the Northern Securities Company is not a citizen. Our laws hold that corporations should not have all the rights of individuals.

❀

Chairman Knapp on Railroad Favoritism to Trusts

Chairman Knapp, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, in an address before the People's Institute in New York City last week, went to the very verge of demanding government ownership of railroads, in order to put an end to discriminations in rates. He said:

> As I view this matter, the State has as much right to farm out the business of collecting its revenues or preserving the peace, and allow the parties intrusted with these duties to vary the rate of taxation according to their own interests or to sell personal protection to the highest bidder, as it has to permit the great function of public carriage to be the subject of especial bargains or secret dicker to be made unequal by favoritism or oppressive by extortion.
>
> No service which the Government undertakes can be more useful, and no duty which rests upon it is more imperative, than to secure

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for the public always and everywhere equal treatment by every railway carrier.

When the natural advantages of capital are augmented by arbitrary deductions from charges commonly imposed, the combination is powerful enough to force all rivals from the field. Production is controlled, wages fixed, prices raised to the desired profit; monopoly reigns.

If we could unearth the secret of these modern trusts, whose quick-gotten wealth dwarfs the riches of Solomon, and whose impudent exactions put tyranny to shame, we should find the explanation of their menacing growth in the systematic and heartless methods by which they have evaded the common burdens of transportation. . . . Railroads engaged in public service are only purveyors of the public privilege, and large shippers are entitled to no smaller rates for their commodities than is the smaller shipper in the same line.

By equality of rates Chairman Knapp does not mean that the shipper of a hundred pounds of freight is entitled to the same rate as the shipper of a car-load—though even here the difference in the relative cost of the service is commonly exaggerated because it is forgotten that the hundred-pound package is not often forwarded until a car-load of packages is accumulated. What he means is that car-load rates should be the same to all shippers, great and small. If a merchant can afford to sell one yard of ribbon at the same rate as ten yards, and one pound of sugar at the same rate as ten pounds, much more can a railroad afford to ship one car-load at the same rate as ten car-loads, for the time required of the railroad clerk to attend to the small order is relatively a less important item than the time required of the merchant's clerk. But even apart from this consideration the principle that the public shall have equal tolls on the public highways is one which public policy makes mandatory. If equal rates for all shippers can be secured by government regulation and the publicity of accounts, well and good; but if these measures fail, the logic of Chairman Knapp's reasoning may create an inexorable demand for government ownership.

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Lord Methuen Released

Last week General Delarey, who, as we reported last week, captured Lord Methuen, released his prisoner and sent him back to the British lines. This act of magnanimity has been received the world over with commendation, and nowhere more than in England itself. Not a few British subjects and newspapers have invited the London Government to show equal magnanimity and release Commandant Kritzinger, but to this request Mr. Brodrick, War Secretary, has replied that the exchange could not be made. This disappointing announcement will not commend the rather narrow-minded course pursued by the present Cabinet; it misrepresents the generosity and liberality characteristic of Englishmen in general. In France Lord Methuen's chivalry in paying homage to the memory of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil (the French officer who died in defending the Boers) tempers the comments of the press on the disaster. Lord Methuen, it may be remembered, raised a monument at Boshof to the French hero. In Germany the remembrance of Lord Methuen's popularity during the years when he was an attaché in Berlin has served to mitigate the usual bitterness of comment on the Boer war. When all is said, however, the disheartening fact remains that the British general has added to the record of the war a disaster comparable as an exhibition of bad leadership with Magersfontein, that other disaster which, apparently largely through Lord Methuen's conduct, cost the British heavily in lives and prestige. The capture of March 10 took place not far from Klerksdorp. General Methuen, coming up from the southwest to concentrate his forces with those of General Grenfell, was caught by General Delarey.

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Baron von Richthofen's Speech

For some time and for a number of causes Anglo-German relations have been in a rather strained condition. Hence the speech last week in the Prussian Diet of Baron von Richthofen, Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs, favoring a close friendship with England, has made a wide impression and effect. After reading the answer of the British Government permitting the delivery of German charitable gifts to the Boers in the concentration camps, the speaker declared that the decree guaranteed a just distribution. He added: "The English and German nations are connected by ties of blood, race, and friendship. They are cousins

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who may again find themselves side by side. . . . General Methuen deserves our complete sympathy. As military attaché to the British Embassy in Berlin he enjoyed the esteem of Emperors William and Frederick. . . . The sacrifices now made by England in blood and treasure make it only natural that her susceptibilities should grow more acute. Every harsh word is doubly felt by her. Every friendly address is accepted with double gratitude. . . . If Germans wish to obtain the co-operation of the British in helping the Boers, they must abstain from provoking British susceptibility. Let us not always assume that everything done by the English is wrong and bad. . . . I have read German descriptions of the camps for Boer prisoners which made my hair stand on end. Yet a few days ago General von Trotha said to me, 'I consider it my duty to authorize you to declare that I found the prisoners' camps in Ceylon to be perfect models.' . . . With proper consideration for national feeling, it will be possible to make further progress in the direction desired by the Boer Relief Committee." As Baron von Richthofen is the direct representative of the Kaiser in the foreign relationships of the Imperial Government, the Minister spoke not for himself alone, but for the head of the nation. The speech will not soon be forgotten either in Germany or in England, or in the greater England on which the sun never sets. It will also have an effect in further binding together the three great nations which are racially akin, and which are closely allied in the pursuance of commercial and political ends common to them all. Not only have Great Britain and Germany drawn themselves closer to our own Government and people; we also welcome any sign of a drawing together of Great Britain and Germany

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Ireland Once More The Irish question is up again in England, and in an acute form. Lord Rosebery, who has recently made a large number of speeches, has definitely announced his final abandonment of Home Rule. During the last few years there has been a radical change in the Irish situation so far as the Liberal party and the English people are concerned, which Lord Rosebery thus summarizes: The death and burial of Mr. Gladstone's bills of 1886 and 1893, by universal consent; a complete severance of the Irish and Liberal parties; the solution of the Irish question by the Conservative Government through the creation of county local governments, which places Ireland on an equality with England, Scotland, and Wales. Lord Rosebery says in this connection: "The Irish leaders have at last played their full hand. They have taken, not what Mr. Gladstone was willing to give them, but an independent parliament in Dublin. Now, when you get there, I say 'Halt.' I am not prepared at any time, or under any circumstances, to grant an independent parliament in Dublin." Lord Rosebery commented on the fact that, in the struggle in which England is now engaged, the sympathy of Irish leaders has been given openly to their enemies, and that no sane person "would ever consent to hand over the destinies of Ireland, at the very heart of the Empire, to a parliament which should be guided, controlled, and composed of those who have expressed their earnest wish that we might be overthrown on this southern battlefield." Lord Rosebery's statement received additional confirmation in the cheers which came from the Irish benches in the House of Commons last week when the capture of Lord Methuen was announced—cheers which were unhappily illustrative of that fatality which constantly induces the Irish leaders to do things which alienate their friends and postpone their success. Lord Rosebery declared specifically that it is impossible to satisfy the Irish leaders, that the task should not be undertaken by any party not absolutely independent of Irish support, and that the question must be solved by the harmonious concurrence of the Liberals and Conservatives acting together. Meanwhile the Irish League is spreading like wildfire, and is becoming almost as formidable as the once powerful Land League. There is very little disorder, but the discontent is deep-seated and has apparently extended to all parts of Ireland. How it shall be met is a question on which the Ministry does not seem to be agreed. It is believed that there are two views strongly held inside the Cabinet. The Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Wyndham, the present

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Secretary for Ireland, believe in pursuing a policy of conciliation, holding that the laws now existing are sufficient to punish real crimes. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, is reported as being in favor of stringent measures. The Irish are taking advantage of the Government's indecision, and their leaders are doing their best to hamper the policy of the Government in every possible way. It is probable that the ill-timed Irish cheers in the House of Commons last week are responsible for the decision that the King shall not visit Ireland during the present season; and it looks very much as if, in suffering himself to be overruled by his Ministers, the King has made a mistake. In any event, the Irish leaders are making the most of this change of plans as indicative of the alienation of English feeling.

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University Disorders in Russia

Recent letters and telegrams from St. Petersburg report that there has been a revival of insubordination and disorder in the Russian universities. On the 19th of February about eight hundred students in the University of St. Petersburg held an illegal meeting for the discussion of grievances, and decided not to accept the revised edition of the so-called "temporary rules" which has recently been promulgated by the Minister of Public Instruction, General Vannofsky. A "strike" was thereupon declared, and on the following day the University was closed by order of the Government. At the same time, or a little later, similar action was taken by large bodies of students in the Universities of Kiev and Kharkoff, and it is reported that these institutions also have been closed by executive order. The chronic trouble in the Russian universities is due not to political but to administrative causes. Since the enactment of the law of August 15, 1884, which deprived the universities of all self-regulating power, the Government has been trying to manage them as it manages its ministerial bureaus; or, to speak perhaps more accurately, as a commanding officer would manage a barrack. Students have not been allowed to hold meetings of any kind, for any purpose; they have been strictly forbidden to take collective action in any matter affecting their interests—even to the extent of submitting a perfectly respectful petition to the rector; they have been constantly watched by so-called "inspectors," who have all the powers of inquisitorial police; they have been checked and publicly reprimanded whenever, as a collective body, they ventured to hiss or applaud at a theatrical performance or a concert; and for violations of ironclad bureaucratic regulations they have been imprisoned in university cells—sometimes "incommunicado," as Spanish jailers would say—for periods of from twenty-four hours to four weeks. Hot-blooded young men will not submit to this sort of discipline; and every few months there is a collision between the students and the inspectors, which leads to an illegal meeting called to formulate a protest, then to summary arrests of ringleaders and participants, and finally to the closing of the university. It is an old story with many chapters, and is likely always "to be continued" until the Government allows young men to enter its universities without relinquishing every right of free citizenship and almost every attribute of self-respecting manhood.

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The Italian Cabinet

Last week the members of the Italian Cabinet, which had resigned on February 21, again presented themselves before Parliament. Signor Zanardelli, the Premier, announced that as the King had refused to accept the Minister's resignation, the Cabinet remained in power and would ask for a vote of confidence. This was immediately secured, and the Ministers had the satisfaction of seeing their own candidate finally elected to the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, even though the candidate was not the same as in February. The great reason for the Cabinet's success, however, lay in its bold and clever course during the past fortnight with the railway strike. In large part Italian railways are owned by the Government, and the operatives, really forming part of the reserve of the Italian army, are liable at any time to be assigned to military duty. When the demand of the railway men for higher pay and better terms of employment culminated in a strike, the Cabinet did two things; it called out the rail-

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way reserves and kept them at regular work, of course under military orders. The men thus received soldiers' pay added to their accustomed wage. The Government then conceded most of the increase of pay demanded. It thus averted at one and the same time a general strike and a political crisis. The Government's act in putting the railways under military control at first angered the Socialists, but the concessions placated them. Later in the week the Government's position was definitely stated by Signor Giolitti, Minister of the Interior. He acknowledged that this and other strikes were indications of a great social movement by all classes of the proletariat to secure better conditions of life. Surely this was a justifiable aspiration, said the speaker; and since the demands were not political, the duty of the Government was to respect the right of strike-propagandism so long as there was no incitement to violence. Until compulsory arbitration becomes legalized, continued Signor Giolitti, the Government should intervene in reply to any appeal from both sides of any controversy to effect a pacific settlement. Certainly in case of a strike in the public services (which would of course lead to anarchy) such intervention should take place. Hence in the recent railway strike the Government's attitude was entirely justified. The Cabinet's triumph, both economically and politically, is a remarkably significant event in the history of modern Italy.

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Austro-American Diplomacy

The relations of the United States Government with the Governments of the European Great Powers, except Austria-Hungary, are ambassadorial, and there has been no reason why our relations with the Dual Empire should not be on the same footing. Hence, last week Americans read with satisfaction a despatch from Vienna to the effect that the Austro-Hungarian Government had determined to raise its legation in Washington to the rank of an embassy. In this case the United States mission at Vienna would be, of course, similarly advanced. The Austrian Government's decision comes closely upon the disclosures of its Minister's strenuous efforts in 1898 to check American policy prior to the Spanish war, and will do much to allay any slight feeling here which those efforts may have aroused. Yet it was entirely natural that an Austrian princess, seated upon the throne of Spain, should have turned to her fatherland when the Government of her adopted country was found inadequate to deal with a crisis provoking a foreign war. It was equally natural that her uncle, the venerable and well-beloved Emperor, should have done all in his power to aid her. Inimical feeling towards America which may exist in Austria hardly has this as a cause, nor yet those earlier frictions—the visit to this country of Louis Kossuth; our practical intervention in Mexico, involving the death of an Austrian Archduke; lastly, the killing of certain Huns in the Latimer riots, for which we refused either to apologize to Austria or to submit the case to arbitration.

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Austro-American Trade

Present animosity in Europe towards this country is almost entirely due to apprehension of our superiority in trade. So great has been the irritation that recently Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, actually advocated a European union to bar American products. He had a special source of irritation at home, however, for conservative Austrian methods in commerce had made American superiority the more evident. Add to this conservatism Austria's geographical location and her lack of seaports, and it is easy to see why her trade with America has not been as large and as intimate as has been our commerce with countries which are nearer to us, which have more coast line, and in which the general trend of affairs is more "up to date." Signs are not wanting, however, of a rising tide of commercial energy in the Dual Empire; and one of the chief signs of this is the course urged upon the heads of the Austrian army and now adopted by them. Of all men military authorities are supposed to be the most stubborn in prejudice, maintaining as a matter of course the paramountcy of army interests to all others. It is therefore especially noteworthy that the Austrian generals have been prevailed upon to exempt from military service, under certain circum-

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stances, those engaged in promoting the Empire's trade with countries outside of Europe.

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Earl Hall at Columbia

Near the library in the center of Columbia University is a new building which was dedicated on the 8th of this month. It is the gift of Mr. William E. Dodge, and, in memory of his son, is named Earl Hall. The purpose of the building is to supply for the students of the University a center for religious and social life. By the deed of gift it is devoted to the uses of student organizations without regard to denomination. Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Hebrew are to have equal rights there. The rooms are not permanently reserved to the various organizations, but are temporarily assigned as occasion arises. In the assignment religious organizations are to have the first preference, then those that are purely philanthropic, afterwards those that are literary, and finally those that are athletic and social. In this way it is hoped that Earl Hall will come to be the place where the students of the University will find both relaxation from work and active impulse to what is called in its broadest sense the higher life. The building is under the general direction of an advisory board. Although the power of appointment to membership in this board is vested in the President of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City, the Christian Association of the University has no special privileges in the building. On the lowest floor, in a portion of the building separated from the rest, are rooms for the young women of the University. The main entrance opens directly into a large drawing-room, beyond which is a reading-room. Upstairs there is a smoking-room, a cozy library for religious books, and a large assembly-room. The entire building is characterized by quiet elegance. It is open freely to all members of the University. The only restriction that is acknowledged was expressed to a visitor by one of the secretaries with characteristic university pleasantry, "If a man is found studying here, we are expected to throw him out." The combination of personal freedom with real spiritual earnestness that is embodied in this building is typical of the wholesome religious life that has been in recent years steadily growing in American colleges.

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Dr. Vail's Resignation

Last week the Rev. R. P. H. Vail, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church, Stamford, Conn., resigned his charge. This event is remarkable because it closes a pastorate of twenty-six years. A quarter of a century in one clerical place and function is not as common as it would be if it were not for the fact that any period of service involves generally two sermons a Sunday and a crowd of other things during the week which make up a sum total of exhausting labor; hence there must be long vacations for rest and change, and in many cases a return to work amid new conditions. Men are coming to the conclusion that one sermon a week is not only all that most parishioners can digest but all that should be asked of a clergyman when the multitudinous responsibilities thrust upon him by our increasingly complex life are taken into account. The clergyman is no longer a mere preacher and pastor. In communities like Stamford, and, indeed, in almost any community, a clergyman has come to be the foremost citizen as well. Bishop Potter in New York City is an example. In Dr. Vail's instance this is also true, as might have been expected from one who, though the youngest student in his class at Williams, was the orator of his class, already giving evidence of the wit, readiness, and eloquence which later marked him as one of the strongest preachers in the Westchester Presbytery. This body has honored him with its highest offices, and he is now the senior pastor in that Presbytery. His church in Stamford is hardly surpassed for beauty in the State of Connecticut, and was entirely built under his direction. He has made it a power not only in the religious but also in the social life of the community.

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Hotel Chaplains

A meeting has just been held at the Manhattan Hotel, New York City, of considerable interest to clergymen and hotel-keepers alike. The meeting was called at the suggestion of the Rev. H. M. Warren, D.D., of the Central Park Baptist Church. Two years ago Dr. Warren sent to the various hotels

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of the metropolis a card stating that, having been frequently called upon to render pastoral assistance to their guests, he believed hotel guests in general would be glad if they knew where some clergyman could be found who, upon request for services, would cheerfully respond. With the advice and hearty co-operation of his own church, Dr. Warren therefore took this way of making known his willingness gratuitously to give a part of his time in ministering to the spiritual needs of any who might desire either the sympathy or the advice of a Christian minister. Dr. Warren was now so frequently called to visit hotel guests that he deemed a concerted movement of clergymen necessary in order to cope with the opportunity and demand; hence the Manhattan Hotel meeting, at which the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D., was made Chairman, Mr. Alexander M. Hadden Secretary, and the Hon. Thomas L. James Treasurer. The meeting was sympathetic throughout, and resulted in the formation of a Hotel Chaplaincy Committee. It will provide a pastor always ready to officiate at hotel funerals, and to be called upon whenever any trouble comes to any guest; in other words, to serve the transient population of the city as it has not yet been served. This field of usefulness has been but little covered and in its possibilities is larger than many suppose.

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The Garland Collection

For the past seven years the Metropolitan Museum has had among its treasures a loan collection of Oriental porcelains. It consisted of vases, jars, vessels of various sorts, and mythological figures, of finest workmanship and great artistic value. No other such collection exists in the world. It was the property of Mr. James A. Garland. At his death the collection was bought by the Messrs. Duveen Brothers, and was about to be disposed of piecemeal, when the integrity of the collection was preserved and its permanent possession by the Metropolitan Museum was assured through the generosity of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. It is said that Mr. Henry J. Duveen, who personally gathered together these porcelains for Mr. Garland, and who is a member of the firm that purchased them from the Garland heirs, has acted with magnanimity in the matter, and in spite of his opportunity to make money by an auction has made it easy to keep the collection intact. The result augurs well for the future of art in America; it assures the continuance in this country of a great treasure that could not be regained if it once were lost; it reveals an appreciation on the part of men of wealth, not only of the value of such art, but also of the need that art be made accessible to the people; and it indicates, in the interest already shown by visitors to the Museum, that the American people are consciously coming into their inheritance of the works of beauty.

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Two Musicians

The recent death of Solomon Jadassohn, at the age of seventy, removed from the world a German musician who, though not widely known in America, nevertheless had no small share in influencing music in this country. Though a composer of many large works, both instrumental and vocal, he owed his position in the world of music mainly to his eminence as a director of concerts and as a teacher of the theory of music. It was in the last-named capacity that he did most in helping to maintain for the art of music standards of dignity and scholarly knowledge in the United States as well as in Europe; for he numbered among his pupils not a few Americans, and through his writing he reached a larger circle of students in this country. ——Dr. George William Warren, who died in New York on Sunday of this week at the age of seventy-three, has been known for years as a proficient organist and composer of church music. In ancestry, birth, and education he was thoroughly American. His musical training he received at Racine College, Wis., which gave him his title of Mus.D. He lived to see a great revolution gradually brought about in the musical life of America, and in that revolution he had a not inconspicuous part as organist in various large churches in Albany and New York, the last of which he served for thirty years. At the time of his death he was Lecturer and Organist at Columbia University in New York City.

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The General Education Board

We hope that it is not too much to say that the organization of the General Education Board is an event of National and historic importance. It reduces the great task of obliterating Southern illiteracy to simpler terms, and it marks a new epoch in both Southern and Northern effort.

Ever since the Civil War, help has been generously given to Southern education. The first efforts were naturally directed to the education of the negroes. Out of these efforts grew, not only the many schools of the ordinary sort for colored youth, that stand on the outskirts of most Southern cities, but Hampton Institute and its offshoot, Tuskegee Institute, and the constantly multiplying schools of this industrial type. As the work has gone on the number of schools has greatly increased, and the demands that they make on patriotic philanthropy have become greater. The response has been generous; but the great number of the separate appeals made has caused increasing confusion, and there was danger that a comprehensive view of the great problem would be obscured by its details. And it had become clear that the problem was too large to be solved without a comprehensive plan. The whole public-school system in the South must be built up, without regard to creed or race. Great educational foundations are made or strengthened every year (the gifts to education last year being $107,000,000), but few of the great benefactions have gone to the South, chiefly because of a lack of definite knowledge of the situation, and because there seemed to be no satisfactory means of administering it.

In the South in the meantime, especially in North Carolina and Georgia, there was an awakening of public sentiment. The Southern people themselves, and especially certain educational leaders, began to show an energetic comprehension of the problem. Then came the Southern Educational Conference at Salem, N. C., last year, where Northern and Southern men of like minds and purpose found each other. The stimulus given by this meeting resulted in the organization, under Mr. Robert C. Ogden's leadership, of the Southern Education Board, made up of men of each section of the country. This Board, through its Southern members, is making such a comprehensive study of Southern needs and opportunities as was, perhaps, never before made of any similar subject; and it is building up Southern opinion to a degree of earnestness that puts popular education before every other public duty. There was, for instance, recently held at the capital of North Carolina a meeting of influential men from every part of the State, who published an appeal to the public, signed by the Governor and many leading citizens of the State. In this appeal the educational backwardness of the commonwealth was frankly set forth and every community was urged by local taxation to increase its public-school fund.

Both in the South and in the North the problem is now more clearly understood in its comprehensive aspects than ever before; it must include the education at the public expense, as fast as public opinion can be built up to maintain it, of both races and sexes alike.

Following this unity of purpose and unity of understanding comes the organization of the General Education Board. Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., is Chairman, and among its members are Mr. Ogden, Chairman of the Southern Education Board; Dr. Gilman; Dr. Curry, the agent of the Slater and Peabody Funds; Mr. Jesup, the Treasurer of the Slater Fund; and Mr. George Foster Peabody, who is the Treasurer of the Board. It is a businesslike organization. It will have an office in New York in charge of its paid Secretary, Dr. Wallace Butterick, where the needs and opportunities of Southern education can be studied as clearly as the opportunities for investment might be studied in a well-organized office for that purpose. The results of first-hand investigation, the well-matured plans of the best students of the problem, reports of results of local efforts and of Northern benefactions—all these and similar facts will be accessible. And on the Board are men of Northern birth and men of Southern birth, working with a common plan and purpose.

The Board begins its work with more

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than $1,000,000, not as an endowment the income of which may be spent, but as a fund to be spent outright as it sees fit; and its hope is to become the channel through which many large benefactions will go to hasten the obliteration of illiteracy. It has a comprehensive plan, a businesslike organization, definite knowledge, and the hearty co-operation of the most enlightened leaders of education in the South of each race; and it will work with a double aim—(1) so to direct help as to build up self-help, and (2) to secure help in an even more generous measure than it has been given hitherto towards this great National and patriotic duty.

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Mr. Phillips and the Poetic Drama

If evidence were needed of the high importance and significance of poetry as an expression, not only of the genius and skill of the poet, but of the spiritual life of a period, it is afforded by the eagerness with which the work of every new writer of verse is scanned and the instant response which is evoked by verse of real feeling and of original power. The great mass of contemporary verse is excellent in form, admirable in sentiment, and often characterized by grace and finish, but it lacks vitality; it does not touch the life of the world with any searching power, and it evokes little response.

From this point of view, the work of a man like Mr. Stephen Phillips is of interest, not only to the student of letters, to whom the highest enjoyment is afforded by any exquisite, delicate, or beautiful example of the art of verse-making, but to the larger body of readers, whose judgment is, after all has been said, decisive in final settlement of a writer's place and fame. When Mr. Phillips published "Marpessa," which appeared in his earlier volume of verse, he produced an immediate impression; for rarely has the deep significance of human love, with its mixed elements of joy and sadness, its deathless endurance, and its pitiless exposure to the storms of fate, been more powerfully or strikingly interpreted. There were other poems in the volume which, like "Christ in Hades," brought a breath of original power with them, and seemed to announce the coming of a new force in poetry. After a little interval a second volume appeared from the same hand, and it was found that Mr. Phillips had taken up that very difficult literary form in which are lodged some of the priceless treasures of English literature, but which has been so rarely practiced of late—the poetic drama. In "Paola and Francesca" one of the great love stories of the world was told again with exquisite delicacy, and with a beauty which carried it at once home to the imagination and lodged it in the hearts of those who love noble interpretations of great passions. The drama was not without its faults, but it was stamped by distinction, by elevation, and by beauty of a rare kind. When "Herod" appeared, it was seen to be at once more dramatic and less beautiful than "Paola and Francesca." The background had been changed from Italy to Judea, there was less subtlety of motive, less masking of purpose, greater directness and tragic force. And now Mr. Phillips makes his third experiment in this difficult form, and again shifts his background, and takes up one of the oldest and most widely known of the great stories. "Ulysses," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, inevitably recalls one of the greatest poets of the world and a poetic manner at once noble, simple, and touched with the breadth and dignity of the classical epic.

In his introductory note Mr. Phillips explains that he has conceived parts of the poem, at least, on Virgilian rather than on Homeric lines, and he impliedly pleads for a judgment of his work which shall separate the material from the great traditions with which it is allied. He has a right to be heard, but what he asks is extremely difficult; for the story of Ulysses is so imbedded in the Odyssey that it is almost impossible wholly to detach it; it seems to belong by its very nature to the epical rather than the dramatic form, and it seems to demand by its spirit epical rather than dramatic treatment. The epic may not be lacking in crises, or in climaxes of action and emotion, but these are subordinate to certain broad, general effects which it seeks to secure. On the other hand, it is the very essence of the drama that its movement

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shall have sharp, definite, bold objectivity, issued at times in those radical collisions which are the very essence of tragedy. Mr. Phillips has endeavored to preserve the spirit of the Homeric story. While entirely changing its form, he has succeeded in making a beautiful poem without making an entirely successful drama. He has told the story in a large, simple way, full of variety, vivacity, and of color. In several cases he has departed from the Homeric narrative in order to heighten the effect and to secure greater freedom. He has presented a very charming picture of the antique world of mythology and of the Homeric time, and has fashioned a piece of art which is like a finely wrought cup of refreshment for those who thirst for beauty in an age when beauty seems to be only a secondary interest.

If the earlier parts of "Ulysses" are idyllic rather than dramatic, the scene in the palace on the return of the hero is finely conceived and strongly executed, and the impression of the play as a whole is one of beauty overshadowed by the consciousness that the material seems to demand another kind of treatment, and that the subject seems to belong to another poet. In "Ulysses," as in all Mr. Phillips's earlier verse, there are many felicities of phrase—those pieces of good fortune which come to a poet only in his happier hours. There are lines which have a fine spaciousness and dignity; as, for instance, the words in which Eurymachus addresses Penelope on the eve of the return of Ulysses:

Thou art a queen: a moment then for grief;
Then for the people what remains of life.
I offer thee the comfort of high cares,
And consolation from imperial tasks:
To share with me the governance of a land
And bring thy woman's insight to the state—
The touch that's gracious, deft, and feminine.
Sea-gazing consort of a hero dead!
Reign thou with me; and find in rule relief.
That thou no longer art a girl, and green,
Troubles me not; rather I prize thee more
For that long suffering and sleeplessness
And the sweet wisdom of thy widowhood.
Thou hast caught splendor from the sailless sea,
And mystery from many stars outwatched;
Rarer art thou from yearing and more rich.
Humbly I would entreat you for my answer.

The lyrical quality of the drama is suggested by these verses:

O set the sails for Troy, for Troy is fallen
And Helen cometh home;
O set the sails, and all the Phrygian winds
Breathe us across the foam!
O set the sails unto the golden West!
It is o'er, the bitter strife.
At last the father cometh to the son,
And the husband to the wife!

"Ulysses" is significant, like the work which has preceded it, because it sustains the unbroken tradition among a strenuous race of the love of beauty and the practice of it, and because it is a part of a serious attempt to give us again a form of art through which the English spirit has expressed itself many times with almost unsurpassed power.

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The Tax on Art

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your article on taxing art you give the impression that art is not a luxury, and therefore is not a fit subject of taxation. You have never dared advocate free trade because it is fair and just to the consumers. This petition to Congress by the artists to remove the tax on art is merely done because Mr. Morgan has bought some valuable pictures and will not bring them to this country if he has to pay the duty. Will you kindly explain in an editorial next week how a look at an old master is as much of a necessity as a cheap (but good) undershirt is to a poor woman, or a cheap horse-blanket is to a Western farmer?

T. E. W.

If our correspondent had read The Outlook with any degree of care during any period of its history, he would not have fallen into the mistake of saying that it "never dared to advocate free trade because it is fair and just to the consumer." The Outlook has consistently and persistently advocated freedom of trade. It has supported every measure looking to the reduction of the tariff, and favored every step towards tariff reform. When the Democratic party betrayed its principles by its cowardly course with regard to the Wilson tariff, The Outlook did not hesitate to declare that freedom of trade had been more seriously wounded in the house of its friends than it ever had been hurt at the hands of its enemies.

The Outlook has as little information as its correspondent with regard to Mr. Morgan's attitude towards the tariff on pictures. It is not with Mr. Morgan that The Outlook is concerned, although it ought to be said in passing that Mr. Morgan has in many practical ways done much to bring fine examples of art within

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reach of the people of this country; it is with the interests of the American people that The Outlook is concerned. The Outlook will be very glad when cheap but good undershirts and cheap but good blankets are within the reach of every American citizen. They are a prime necessity, of more immediate use than art itself; but undershirts and home-made blankets are not at the moment practicable questions, and free art is. When a man has a good undershirt and sleeps under a warm blanket, he has taken the first step towards a well-ordered life, but he has taken only the first step; he has commenced to live, but he has not lived. He does not live until he develops the higher resources of his nature, and his home is not complete, nor does the civilization to which he belongs become a real expression of the spiritual life of the people who create it, until both the home and the civilization have become beautiful. Pictures and statues are often in the possession of rich people precisely as good undershirts and good home-made blankets are, but the pictures and the statues are, for that reason, no more luxuries than are the undershirts and the blankets. The undershirt and the blanket are primary necessities; good pictures and statues are ultimate necessities.

God made the world beautiful; man in his ignorance has made it in many places repulsively ugly; man in his wisdom must undo the work of his ignorance and make the world, so far as he has anything to do with it, beautiful. Art is not mere decoration; it is the interpretation of the world and of man's experience in it in beautiful ways, precisely as the creative mind of God is expressed in the beauty of the skies, the fields, the trees, and the flowers. It is necessary first "to make a living;" that means good undershirts and blankets; but this is a rudimentary life which the barbarians have also. Civilized man passes on, after he has made a living, to "make a life," which is a very different matter. The Outlook will hail the day when undershirts and blankets can be bought in the open market of the world; it will also hail the day when the masterpieces of art can be bought with equal freedom and brought to a country which craves their presence and needs it for the development of its own higher life.

The Spectator

One early July evening in London the Spectator left Trafalgar Square and its group of American-patronized hotels for that most somber of structures devoted to sociability, the National Liberal Club, on the Thames Embankment. As he sat in the strangers' room near the entrance while his card was taken in to a friend, and watched the streams of members passing in and out and the porters "hustling" trunks back and forth with a din that seemed quite un-Londonlike, he found it difficult to place himself in a club and not in a hotel. This impression, the Spectator may note incidentally, attaches itself in the same way to some of the largest New York clubs, where the necessity of maintaining a certain standard of living has pushed the membership up to two thousand or more. As such clubs are an evident case of evolution, they must fall within Herbert Spencer's phrase of "homogeneous heterogeneity"—with the emphasis on the latter—thus seeming to lack the charm of typical club life, the grouping of persons of similar or congenial tastes. The set toward bigness is nowhere to be more deprecated socially than in the club, if the Spectator is right in his view.

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The Spectator's impression of the National Liberal Club was confirmed by his friend, who told him that its total membership is about seven thousand, including, of course, a very large proportion of non-resident members. It is the London home of Liberal politicians from all over England, much as would be the Union League Club of New York if transferred to Washington and made an open house for Republicans generally, with informal discussion every evening of the day's incidents in Congress. This discussion in the National Liberal Club is not always informal. Half-way up to the ceiling in the great smoking and drinking room—which is all but a subterranean vault, and emphasizes the general forbidding aspect of the club—is a curious little door with a porch or projecting platform where Gladstone, Rosebery, and other leaders have at times stood, after the fashion of a human cuckoo-clock, to explain and enforce party policies. As the Spectator sat there for perhaps two

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hours chatting with his friend—a well-known journalist or "leader-writer" who knew everybody and whom everybody knew—he realized that, after all, the club had a sociability, even an atmosphere, painfully lacking in far more attractive non-political London clubs, and in many New York clubs if his own experience is to be trusted—a sense of homogeneity due to a common subject of interest. There seemed to be a constant contact of group with group, a drift of detached latercomers from one group to another, and a rearrangement of groups without suggestion of cliqueism—testimony to the democracy of politics and to the unexpected possibilities of the Englishman as a "mixer."

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One incident of the evening was noteworthy. In the course of it the Spectator was introduced to eight or ten members of Parliament, no one of them a celebrity, simply representatives of the average British legislator. "What did you think of our M.P.'s as compared with your M.C.'s?" asked his friend, who had been in Washington more than once, as they left the club. "Are they not about the same type—that of the ordinary man of business? You Americans," he continued, "have an exalted idea of the standard of membership in the House of Commons in superiority to that in the House of Representatives. As a matter of fact, we are more and more electing the leading local man, who knows what his 'constituents want,' as you would say, and less and less the non-resident of eminence, chosen because a constituency is supposed to feel pride in having him for a representative. If the process of displacing 'his eminence' for the local man goes on as fast for ten years as it has for the ten since I have been in London journalism, 1911 will see little left of the tradition."

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This statement by a competent observer—one of the staff of the London "Spectator"—interested the Spectator greatly. He had to acknowledge that his friend was apparently right, that the average English member, as encountered that evening, did not strike one as appreciably different from the ordinary American member, Representative or Senator, as similarly encountered in Washington. Yet he had always taken it for granted that Parliament—meaning, of course, the Commons—is superior to Congress, largely because many constituencies, not being restricted, as with us, to a locality choice, do take pride in electing the superior non-resident, when one is to be had. If, in all the stress of vital questions of empire now pressing upon Parliament, the constituencies care less than formerly for the broadly equipped representative, preferring more than formerly the locally equipped representative, the tendency may in part account for a certain unexpected incapacity when dealing with large issues which some Americans have thought they detected in Parliament of late years. In this connection the Spectator recalled a remark let drop by Mr. T. P. O'Connor on the changed character of the Commons, due to the fact that fewer men enter it in youth, having chosen politics for a career. Men nowadays enter it, Mr. O'Connor says, "after they have obtained some kind of political eminence in their respective localities;" that is, after they have been "mayors, aldermen, or city councilors." This new type of member is "middle-aged, trained, slightly provincial in tone and mind."

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The Spectator, in his interest, followed the matter up a little further, and wrote regarding it to Mr. James Bryce. In his reply Mr. Bryce gave it as his "impression" that the local man was supplanting the eminent non-resident in the Commons, although, he added, there were no statistics to verify such an impression. On the other hand, Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, a prominent Conservative M.P., next whom the Spectator chanced to be seated for some days on a Norway boat, argued strongly for the opposite view. He declared, for example, that if by an almost impossible chance Birmingham failed to return Mr. Chamberlain, at once any number of constituencies, from Scotland to Wales, would compete for the honor of electing him. The Spectator did not question this, but doubted whether Mr. Chamberlain was just the type of eminent non-resident to illustrate the persistence of the tradition. Under any

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system permitting the choice of a non-resident, a politician of Mr. Chamberlain's exceptional ability and leadership would, if defeated in one constituency, have only to choose between offers of constituencies, and that, if for no other reason, because so influential a representative would be superior to the best-equipped local man in securing legislation desired by the constituency. The true test, in the Spectator's view, is the case of such a man as the late John Stuart Mill, an eminent authority on political questions, but not a "practical politician." Were Mr. Mill alive to-day, would there be fewer constituencies ready to elect him to Parliament than there were thirty years ago? To this question the Spectator's English acquaintance seemed unwilling to give a definite answer. If, as is probable, that answer is in the affirmative, it illustrates patly a comment by Dr. Hadley. Representative assemblies to-day, he has said, are largely places "for the exchange of votes." They were once largely places "for the exchange of ideas."

The Charges of Cruelty in the Philippines

From our Washington Correspondent

THE recent press telegram announcing the appointment of a court martial to try Major Waller and Lieutenant Day, of the United States Marine Corps, upon the charge of maltreating and putting to death a number of natives on the island of Samar, has brought up again the question of alleged cruelty and inhumanity on the part of our soldiers in the Army of the Philippines. The War Department has received as yet no official information with regard to the Waller case, but, in reply to a letter of inquiry from Senator Lodge concerning the general charge of cruelty and barbarity in the conduct of the war, Secretary Root has sent to the Senate Committee on the Philippines a closely printed volume of 428 pages, which contains all the information relating to the subject that the Department has received.

From the reports and court-martial records embodied in this volume it appears that while some of the statements made in the newspapers and in the Senate with regard to the use of torture were exaggerated, such statements were not wholly without foundation. Between August, 1898, and March, 1901, ten officers and thirty-six soldiers, scouts, and camp-followers were brought to trial in the Philippines "for cruelty to natives and for violations of the laws of war." Among the offenses charged, and in most cases proved, were firing into towns, killing of defenseless prisoners, "torture by causing natives to be hung by the neck for ten seconds," rape, looting, robbery with violence, and brutal assault. Upon conviction, one officer was sentenced to dismissal, with five years' imprisonment, six others were reprimanded, eleven private soldiers were put to death, two were fined, and twenty-one were dishonorably dismissed from the service, with sentences of imprisonment ranging from one month to the full term of the offender's life.

Cases of torture seem to have been exceptional, but the court-martial records show that such cases did occasionally come to the knowledge of the higher authorities. Two officers of the Twenty-seventh Volunteer Infantry, for example, caused natives to be hanged by the neck for periods of ten seconds at a time, and Lieutenant Hagedorn, of the Sixteenth Regulars, admits that he put prisoners in the stocks, fed them on salt fish, and kept them without water, until they were forced by thirst to give information. No case of "water torture" appears in the court-martial records, but Captain Batson, chief of the Maccabebe scouts, and General Funston, admit that our native allies did resort occasionally to this method of inflicting pain, as a means of extorting information from unwilling witnesses.

As a proof that the military authorities have made every possible effort to prevent cruelty, the Secretary furnishes copies of eighteen special orders, issued at different times and under different commands in the Philippines, to enforce observance of the humane rules for the government of the armies of the United States which were promulgated under President Lincoln

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in 1863, by General Orders No. 100. These rules expressly forbid torture, cruelty, or the use of "any violence against prisoners in order to extort information."

The Secretary submits the results of thirteen investigations of charges of cruelty to natives which have been made from time to time in the newspapers of the United States, by soldiers and others, and shows that in all of these cases such charges were "either unfounded or grossly exaggerated." In the Secretary's opinion, "the war in the Philippines has been conducted by the American army with scrupulous regard for the rules of civilized warfare; with careful and genuine consideration for the prisoner and the non-combatant; with self-restraint, and with humanity never surpassed, if ever equaled, in any conflict, worthy only of praise, and reflecting credit upon the American people."

In order to show the manner in which war has been waged by the Filipinos, and to make clear the conditions under which our forces have had to carry on the work of pacification and reconstruction, the Secretary then presents the records of 298 military commissions, which were appointed between January 1, 1900, and December 31, 1901, to try guerrillas, ladrones, and other native outlaws for crimes committed against their own people. It may well be doubted whether in modern history there can be found a blacker record of murder, torture, outrage, treachery, and diabolical cruelty than is to be found in this part of the Secretary's statement. Among the crimes committed by the persons brought before these military courts were 721 deliberate and cold-blooded murders, scores of which were attended with tortures, cruelties, and atrocities of the most horrible kind. Fifty-six of the peaceable Filipinos thus murdered by guerrillas and ladrones were buried alive; half a dozen or more, including two women, were tortured with fire or burned at the stake; many of them had their tongues cut out or were otherwise mutilated before death ensued; some were beaten with rattan sticks for two hours before they finally died; aged women and young children were taken from their houses at night, led out into the fields and killed with bolos or clubs; the murder of husbands was immediately followed by the outraging of their wives and daughters; Natalio Valencia, a first lieutenant of insurgents, killed a peaceable Filipino and then ordered his soldiers to dip their fingers in the latter's blood and taste it; and there were even cases in which parts of the bodies of murdered men were cooked and eaten.

A few of these atrocious crimes were committed by professional robbers and highwaymen; but most of them were the work of armed guerrillas, who aimed to terrorize the peaceful population by killing persons who were known or believed to be friendly to the Americans. Reports made by the commanding officers of eight military districts in the single island of Luzon show that 350 friendly and peaceable Filipinos, including 67 municipal officers, have been assassinated in that island since guerrilla warfare began, and that 442 more, including 50 municipal officers, have been criminally assaulted with murderous intent. Major-General Chaffee states (General Orders No. 419, December 27, 1901) that "the number of men and women who have been destroyed by their own countrymen, under the guise of making war upon the American forces, now reaches high into the thousands, and the work of these cowardly assassins, misnamed insurrectos, still goes on in a few districts where they profess to be making war against the United States." This record, he says, "constitutes one of the most horrible chapters in human history."

Of the 710 guerrillas, ladrones, and other malefactors tried by court martial between January 1, 1900, and December 31, 1901, 411 were sentenced to death.

That any American officer or soldier should have killed a Filipino prisoner, or should have resorted to torture as a means of obtaining information, is a matter for profound regret; but in the light of the records of these 298 court-martial cases such action is hardly a matter for surprise, when it occurs only occasionally here and there. It is easy to understand how an ordinarily humane officer or soldier might regard himself as justified in dealing summarily, and even cruelly, with Filipinos who make war by burning other Filipinos at the stake, cutting out their tongues, tasting their blood, or burying them alive.

Washington, D. C. G. K.

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The Charleston Exposition

By George Kennan

THE primary object of every great national or inter-State exposition is, or manifestly should be, to show the products and set forth the resources of the region tributary thereto; to call attention to the industrial, agricultural, or commercial advantages which such region enjoys, by virtue of climate, situation, or soil; to illustrate the progress that has been made in the work of improvement and development; and to encourage local enterprise by creating new markets for local products, or by attracting capital and purchasers from other sections or countries. Incidentally, such an exposition must necessarily exert an educational influence upon the local population by affording the latter an opportunity to compare the products of home industry with the results of agricultural and manufacturing labor elsewhere; but, primarily, it is intended to show what that particular State, section, or country can do. Approaching the subject from the point of view thus indicated, I purpose, in this article, to describe and consider briefly the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition, as representative of the achievements and capabilities of the New South.

The first impression made by the Exposition upon a visitor from the North is one of pleasure and surprise; inasmuch as the buildings and their environment surpass expectation in spaciousness, in skill of artistic treatment, and in beauty of architectural effect. The fair-ground—if it may be so called—is situated on the left bank of the Ashley River, in the outskirts of Charleston, about two and a half miles from the business center of the city. It comprises the beautiful old plantation formerly owned by William Lowndes, and a nearly level tract, adjacent thereto, which was once known as the "Washington Race-Course." In shape the Exposition inclosure may be roughly described as a parallelogram, fifty or sixty acres in extent, joined at one corner to an equilateral triangle of about the same area. The race-course parallelogram, which has no water frontage, is called the "Art Section," and the plantation triangle, which lies along the river, is known as the "Natural Section." The attractiveness of the former is the result of artificial treatment by the landscape gardener and architect, while the beauty of the latter is due almost wholly to natural features in the shape of water, undulating slopes, luxuriant shrubbery, and great clumps of century-old live-oak trees, which retain even in winter their glossy, dark-green foliage.

The division of the inclosure into sections has made it impossible to get, from any accessible standpoint, a general view of the fair-ground as a whole; but, on the other hand, it has given the Exposition greater variety than it could otherwise have had by enabling architects and landscape gardeners to treat the two sections separately and in different ways. On the flat ground of the race-course parallelogram they have produced an imposing architectural effect by artistic grouping of the larger buildings, while in the other section the natural beauty of the old colonial estate has been enhanced by the erection of a dozen or more buildings of smaller size and more varied architecture, whose cream-white walls and red-tiled roofs contrast beautifully with the luxuriant shrubbery, the grassy slopes, and the masses of dark-green foliage which form their setting.

The entrance to the Exposition is at the point where the northwestern corner of the race-course parallelogram joins the southeastern corner of the riverside triangle, so that from the gateway the two sections are equally accessible. Turning a little to the left, around the auditorium, the visitor finds himself facing what the architect has called "The Court of Palaces"—a great, semi-inclosed, Spanish-American patio, 1,000 feet wide and 1,500 feet in length, along the main axis of which extends a beautiful sunken garden, in old Italian style, with soft greensward, shrubbery, flower-beds, and narrow, winding lakes, or lagoons, spanned here and there by low-arched bridges. Around this spacious patio stand the three main buildings of the Exposition,

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which are connected one with another by inclosed corridors, and are so arranged as to form, in ground plan, a gigantic letter U, with a length around the curve of about one mile. At the head of the court, forming the bottom of the U, stands the huge "Cotton Palace," which has a length of 350 feet, and which is connected by curving corridors with the "Palace of Agriculture" on one side and the "Palace of Commerce" on the other. At the open end of the architectural U is an extensive plaza, intersected by curving shrub and flower bordered walks, and at the northern end of this plaza, exactly opposite the "Cotton Palace," stands the Auditorium, flanked on one side by the West Indian Building and the entrance to the Midway, and on the other by the Administration Building and the slender curving crescent of the Department of Forestry and Mines.

The style of architecture adopted for the main buildings of the Exposition is that of the Spanish Renaissance, and the color scheme is cream or ivory white, light yellow and roofing-tile red. The central façades, with their flowing curves and wall-set bells, are copied apparently from old Spanish-American missions, while the highly ornamented walls and columns, the slightly flattened hemispherical domes, and the front-sloping roofs covered with red, deeply corrugated tiling, suggest by turns Cuba, Mexico, and Spain. Owing to the severity of the recent winter the Exposition has not yet appeared at its best. Most of the large palm, palmetto, and oleander trees which were set out in the court and plaza of the Art section were killed by frost; the shrubbery, which suffered from the same cause, is still leafless; and the lawns, in many places, are comparatively yellow and bare; but when the grass of the plaza and court grows green with the warm rains and sunshine of spring, when the roses and flowering shrubs in the beautiful sunken garden are in full bloom, and leafy trees are reflected in the still water of the lakes and artificial lagoons in the "Court of Palaces," the people of South Carolina will have no reason to feel ashamed of their first Exposition. Even now it is striking and attractive—especially when illuminated at night—and as soon as the cream-white walls, yellow domes, and tile-red roofs of the three great Spanish-American palaces in the Art section shall have an appropriate setting of blossoms, foliage, and greenery, they will make in every way a beautiful and satisfying picture. In its external framework, therefore, the Southern Inter-State Exposition must be regarded as a notable success. Are the contents of the buildings equally worthy of commendation?

The first impression that one gets from a walk through the "Palaces" of Agriculture, Commerce, and Cotton is that South Carolina has not done full justice to her own chief industry, and that the South, generally, has failed to take proper advantage of this opportunity to display its resources and show the results of its manufacturing activity. In the "Cotton Palace," for example, one would naturally expect to find not only an exhibit of finished products, but a complete illustration of the latest and best methods of cultivating and treating cotton, from the seed to the loom; but nothing of the kind is to be seen. There are specimens of the plant itself, of various sorts of cotton fiber, and of yarns, threads, and sheetings made therefrom; but there is no exhibit of textile machinery; no illustration of the latest improvements and inventions in ginning, baling, spinning, or weaving; no display of technical processes connected with the utilization of the seed; and no indication whatever of the means employed in the transformation of a pound of cotton fiber into a hank of twine or a strip of cloth. In view of the facts that the cotton crop of the South represents a pecuniary value of more than $300,000,000; that South Carolina alone has 135 cotton-mills, with a productive output of $40,000,000, and that there are twenty-eight such mills in the single county of Spartanburg, it would certainly seem as if the great Southern staple and the various industries connected therewith had not been adequately presented in an Exposition which is distinctively Southern, and which has for its primary object a demonstration of Southern achievements and capabilities. No feature of recent industrial progress is more noteworthy or more significant than the rapid extension of cotton manufacture in the States where cotton is produced, and particularly in South Caro-

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lina. In the past twenty years the number of spindles in the mills of the leading cotton-manufacturing States has increased as follows: Rhode Island, 6½ per cent.; Connecticut, 7 per cent.; New Hampshire, 32 per cent.; Massachusetts, 84 per cent.; Georgia, 312 per cent.; Alabama, 740 per cent.; North Carolina, 1,127 per cent.; and South Carolina, 1,650 per cent. Since 1880 the amount of capital invested in cotton manufacture in the State of Massachusetts has a little more than doubled, while in South Carolina it has increased fourteenfold. Twenty years ago Massachusetts had 175 cotton-mills, while South Carolina had only 14. Now the latter State has 135, while the number in Massachusetts has fallen to 163. If these respective rates of increase and decrease continue for another decade, it is more than probable that South Carolina will stand at the head of the cotton-manufacturing States, with Massachusetts, perhaps, second, North Carolina third, and Georgia fourth. In the light of these facts and figures, the failure of South Carolina to make, in the "Cotton Palace" of her own Exposition, a more complete presentation of her own chief industry is a matter for surprise and regret.

But South Carolina should not be judged alone, and without reference to the section of which it forms a part. The Palmetto State has at least created a beautiful and creditable Exposition, and has made, in the "Palace of Agriculture," a fairly good display of its natural products, while most of the Southern States are not represented at all. Maryland, as a token of friendship and good will, has erected a building of its own, and there are State exhibits from North Carolina, Louisiana, and Missouri; but with these exceptions the South has not contributed in any noticeable way to the success of an enterprise in which it ought to have taken the deepest interest. Scattered through the various buildings there are a few private commercial exhibits from Virginia, Georgia, and Tennessee; but there is nothing whatever from Kentucky, Arkansas, Mississippi, or Florida, and not a single article, so far as I could discover, from the great and wealthy States of Alabama and Texas. If all things of Northern origin and manufacture were taken out of Machinery Hall, the Transportation Building, and the "Palace of Commerce," there would be little, if anything, left. The building last named has 43,000 square feet of floor space, and seems to be fairly well filled with exhibits; but only six of the exhibitors are from the South, and four out of the six are from Charleston. The most noteworthy and significant feature, perhaps, of recent progress in the South is the great and rapid development of manufactures. In the year 1900 there were in the Southern States 92,000 manufacturing establishments, which employed 762,000 laborers, and turned out annually a product valued at $1,419,000,000. This certainly shows an industrial activity that deserves attention, and that should have full presentation in a Southern Exposition; and yet there are only six Southern exhibitors in the "Palace of Commerce and Liberal Arts," only two, I believe, in the Transportation Building, and only one in Machinery Hall. The great iron and steel industry of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia has no representation; there is nothing from the Beaumont oil field in Texas; no adequate exhibition is made of improved methods in the growth and manufacture of tobacco; forestry products are shown only by North and South Carolina, Louisiana, and Missouri; silk culture has not been given as much space or prominence as it deserves; and although South Carolina tea is sold by the cup in the Woman's Building, I could find neither specimens of the plant, nor illustrations of the growth and treatment of the leaf, nor information concerning the present status and future prospects of the new industry,

It is not easy to understand why the South generally has shown so little interest in this Exposition, nor why the great and wealthy States of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Texas have failed to take part in it. In the "Cotton States Exposition" of 1895 (at Atlanta) two Southern States had buildings of their own, and there were special State exhibits from Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee. In the present Exposition five out of the six State and municipal buildings are contributions from the North, while special exhibits have been made by only four of the

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fourteen Southern States. That Charleston and the State of South Carolina have made so beautiful and attractive an Exposition as this, with so little help and cooperation from their sister States and cities, is a fact in the highest degree creditable to their enterprise, energy, and skill.

In the "Palace of Agriculture," which might with equal truth and propriety be called the "Palace of South Carolina," the natural products of the State, such as cotton, rice, tobacco, corn, grasses, honey, fruit, nuts, native woods and minerals, are skillfully and effectively displayed, by counties, in beautifully decorated pavilions, and Spartanburg, in particular, has an exhibit which, in point of completeness and tastefulness of arrangement, is not surpassed by anything of the kind in the whole Exposition. In this exhibit are displayed twenty-five varieties of wine made from native grapes; one hundred and five kinds of native woods, shown in cross and vertical sections of forest trees; preserved fruits and jellies in endless variety; cotton goods of all sorts; beekeepers' appliances and supplies; minerals, marble, granite, phosphates, and quantities of other raw or manufactured products to show the varied resources and diversified industries of South Carolina in general and Spartanburg County in particular. If each of the Southern States had made as complete an exhibit of its resources and products as that made by the single county of Spartanburg, the Charleston Exposition would be far more interesting than it now is to the visitor from the North, as well as more truly representative of Southern enterprise and progress.

Next to the exhibit of South Carolina, in completeness and effectiveness of arrangement, stands the exhibit of her sister State North Carolina, which is housed in the building of Forestry and Mines, and which displays a surprising variety and quantity of natural products of all kinds, from gold, silver, and gems to rosin, turpentine, apples, strawberries, and bulbs. The rapid development of the fruit and vegetable industry in the South—and particularly along the Atlantic seaboard—is one of the most noticeable features of recent Southern progress; and in this field of activity North Carolina seems destined to play an important part. In the year ended June 30, 1901, the fruits and vegetables shipped north from points on the Southern Railway filled 10,893 cars, and had an aggregate weight of more than 163,000 tons. North Carolina sent to Eastern markets by this route 2,500,000 crates and packages of such products, including 9,500 tons of strawberries.

In the raising of flower bulbs—tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, etc.—for the American market, North Carolina seems likely to outstrip Holland. A little less than two years ago the well-known seedsmen, Henderson & Co., of New York, sent to Professor W. F. Massey, a horticulturist of Raleigh, N. C., 1,000 flowering bulbs for experiment, and wrote the latter that if he would return 2,000 bulbs, none of which should be small enough to go through a wire screen of two-inch mesh, they would be satisfied with the increase. At the end of a year Professor Massey sent back 2,000 bulbs, none of which would go through a screen of three-inch mesh, and after making this shipment had 3,000 smaller bulbs left for his own use.

In addition to flowering bulbs, vegetables of great size, strawberries, peaches, and pears, North Carolina exhibits thirty-six varieties of apples, with large photographs and colored transparencies of orchards, fields, and truck farms in all parts of the State. She also displays polished tree-sections of a hundred or more varieties of native woods, and shows in her geological department a beautiful collection of minerals, including such rare gems as hiddenite and rhodolite, as well as beryls, emeralds, rutiles, and aquamarines.

The Louisiana exhibit is almost as complete and satisfactory as that of North Carolina, but is inferior to the latter in orderly and effective arrangement. It not only contains specimens of the State's chief products—sugar, rice, cotton, and tobacco—with machines or models to illustrate technical processes in their manufacture, but presents a number of new industries for which the State seems to be particularly adapted, such as the cultivation of the fiber-plant ramie, which may be used in many ways as a cheap and exceedingly strong substitute for silk; the collection and utilization of Spanish

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moss as an upholstering material; and the artificial propagation of oysters. Louisiana has 4,600,000 acres of water perfectly adapted to oyster culture; the flavor of the bivalves grown there is said to be equal to that of the best oysters from Chesapeake Bay; and experts who have carefully investigated the subject say that in the near future Louisiana will supply with oysters, at a much reduced price, the whole territory lying between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast.

The only other Southern State officially represented at the Charleston Exposition is Missouri; and as its exhibit is the same one that was shown recently in Buffalo, it does not require particular attention.

One of the most interesting, if not one of the most important, of the many scattered buildings in the so-called "Natural Section" is the plain, rectangular, red-roofed structure which stands in a grove of live-oak trees near the river, and which is devoted to the exhibits of the Southern negroes. It seems to excite little interest among the whites—I never saw more than a dozen persons in it at a time—but any one who makes a study of Southern problems, as well as of Southern progress, will find there abundant material for reflection, as well as many reasons for encouragement and hope. Regarded merely as an educational exhibit—a presentation of the methods and results of negro culture and training—it is perhaps as complete as anything of the kind that has yet been shown; and as a demonstration of the colored man's ability to adapt himself to new conditions, and make steady if not rapid progress in the face of great difficulties and discouragements, it is absolutely convincing.

Among the more interesting features of the exhibit is a series of large colored wall diagrams, prepared by the students of the Atlanta University, for the purpose of showing, at a glance, what the negroes have done and are doing in Georgia. From these diagrams it appears that the number of negro schools in that State increased from 124 in 1871 to 2,795 in 1898. During the same period the percentage of illiteracy fell from 92 to 50, while the percentage of children enrolled in schools rose from 37 to 57. In 1875 the negroes of Georgia owned real estate to the value of $1,264,000. In 1899 they held land valued at $4,220,000, and had increased the total aggregate of their taxable property almost threefold (from $5,394,000 to $13,447,000). In 1890 nineteen per cent. of the negroes of Georgia had homes and farms of their own; and in view of the fact that they made a beginning, after the Civil War, with nothing that they could call their own except their hands, this is by no means a bad showing. In education and in economic condition they have made much more rapid progress than has been made by the Russian serfs, who were nominally enfranchised about the same time, and who were furnished by the Government with land.

In the field of higher education the results of negro culture are still more marked. Between 1860 and 1898 the number of colored students in colleges and universities increased from 9 to 531, and when an investigation was made as to the economic condition of the men who had enjoyed these educational advantages, it was found that 557 college-bred negroes whose fortunes could be traced owned real estate to the value of $1,342,862, an average of $2,411 apiece. Eighty-eight of them had from $5,000 to $10,000 invested in real property, and twenty-three of them more than $10,000.

The educational exhibits of the negro schools and colleges set forth in the Negro Building are very complete and interesting, and the results of industrial training, as shown in the work of colored students at Hampton, Tuskegee, Claflin, and the schools and colleges of the American Missionary Association, are in the highest degree creditable to all concerned. In the industrial arts colored students seem to show great aptitude, and the manufactured products of iron, steel, leather, and wood exhibited in the Negro Building compare favorably with the work of white artisans in other departments of the Exposition.

Owing in part, no doubt, to cold, gloomy, or stormy weather, the attendance at the Exposition has not met thus far the anticipations of its promoters. On the 22d of February—Washington's birthday—there were several thousand visitors on the fair-ground; but most of them, apparently, were from Charleston, and on the other

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days of my visit the attendance was small. The South has made a mistake, I think, in not giving more general and more cordial support to this enterprise, and the well-to-do citizens of the South—particularly those of the Atlantic and Gulf States—will make a greater mistake if they neglect to avail themselves of this opportunity to see what the Government and the people of the United States have done and are doing. The Charleston Exposition does not offer as complete a presentation of Southern products and Southern industries as it might have offered if all the Southern States had given it co-operation and support; but it is a beautiful and interesting Exposition nevertheless.

My Story of Abraham Lincoln

By James E. Holden

IT was like this: I was born in Burnley, Lancashire, England, during the Civil War in America. My native town and all the large towns around it were dependent on American cotton for their existence. Lancashire was the cotton-weaving county. When the war began, the cotton stopped coming from the States, and what you know as the Civil War was known to my people as "The Cotton Famine." And what a famine that was no one will ever know except those who took part in it. Sitting by the fireplace on winter evenings, I have heard the story so often that, as I now recall it, it seems almost too horrible to relate. My father says that when I was born there was but half a loaf in the house, and many of his neighbors had gone south to beg their bread from door to door. Some emigrated to the Northwestern States, and found the pinch was not felt there as much as in their native town. First the news came that the war could not last, and that Lincoln would settle it quickly. The mills and weaving-sheds were put on short time, three days a week, and so they held for four months. Then came two days; then they closed altogether. Many firms crippled themselves to keep their employees at work. Hundreds of half-famished men and women gathered around the one or two daily newspapers hoping against hope and expecting every morning that the Federals had taken Richmond, but it was long delayed. Mills closed, stores closed, mines closed. Men who were in comfortable circumstances before that war had to make over their business houses to their creditors.

The wealthier classes, the cotton-broker and large manufacturer, favored the South, because they could not understand how the North, supposing it was victorious, was going to give them any cotton. It is no doubt true that Union soldiers found English-made arms on the battlefield after routing men of the South, but I tell you the poor starved cotton operatives in Lancashire had nothing to do with it. Men I have worked with told me about the terrible change that came to them in those dark days. Families in affluence were brought to poverty. I have often wondered how much that half-loaf—and it was the last one in the street of forty homes—had to do with my mother's death soon after I was born. I wonder how many poor wretches there were in the crowd that agreed one night, after what they called a starvation meeting, to go and end their lives in the canal. Father said they had a wholesale burial next day, and starvation meetings were prohibited after that. One man had a business worth £100,000, but when I left England he and his family were working for thirty shillings a week in the great firm he owned before those times. The question in every home, on every street corner, on every pallid lip, from the old man to the child that could not understand it all, was, "Has Lee surrendered yet?"

Do you want to know which side they were on? Let me tell you. It was in Glosup, near Manchester, that a cotton salesman, or broker, got up and made a speech in one of the relief meetings. He hoped "that the South would smash Lincoln and the North into cocked hats." He never finished that speech. I have met him on the cotton exchange many a

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time, and he bears a mark on his face that even the children call "the Lincoln mark."

It was of no use for an aristocrat to attempt to argue with these hungry, desperate men. They had been too long already under the power of the lord and landlord, which is a synonym for oppression in that country. They had worked too long at poorhouse wages not to feel a thrill of pride and fellowship that they were counted worthy to suffer with you for liberty's sake. Hundreds of children died. Disease as well as starvation set in before it was over. One grist-mill bears the marks to-day of having been broken into, though protected day and night by forty policemen, and it was said that three hundred sacks of flour were taken from that mill, and distributed, baked, and eaten in two days. This was but one town, and Lancashire is all town. There were 2,300,000 people in that county dependent on the results of that long-drawn-out war.

Abraham Lincoln's proclamation of liberty to the slaves is the best-known foreign document to the cotton operatives of Lancashire. Many a boy and girl can repeat it offhand. I remember the Government inspector of schools addressing our school of twelve hundred scholars once, and he asked the question: "Whom do you regard as the greatest man outside of England?" and a hundred voices shouted in chorus, "Abraham Lincoln!" as if "Old Abe" were still living. The second question was: "Who do you think is the greatest man that this country of ours has produced?" Here a medley arose amid which John Bright, W. E. Gladstone, and Tom Brown were prominent. One little fellow said: "My dad says Lincoln is bigger'n 'm all." Need I tell you that every fiber of American cotton (and I know by a long and sad experience it is the best cotton in the world) bears to the Lancastrian the name and stamp of your great liberator? The man to whom Lee surrendered said that Manchester gave him the greatest welcome next to Washington.

Among the many—and there were many—who came to our relief in those sad, dark days of starvation and death were the good old Queen and Tom Brown—Thomas Hughes, Judge of the Supreme Court of Queen's Bench, London. But all the boys of the English language know him as the man who wrote "Tom Brown's School Days." Tom was a lawyer in London then, and he dropped everything and "stumped" the country, and begged, borrowed, and—I was going to say—stole for the Lancashire operatives. He shook the aristocracy out of their lethargy, and never let them rest until they came to the help of the sufferers. A settlement of Lancashire people in Wisconsin sent a carload of flour across the ocean, consigned "Thomas Hughes, Liverpool." But it got to Manchester, and men broke away the car door before the train stopped, and women carried the flour away with them in their aprons, or in any shape. Times were hard then!

Judge Hughes, in return for what Chicago did to help him in his relief work at that time, when the city burned some years afterwards, furnished three hundred autograph volumes for the free library of the new Chicago. They are there still.

In one corner of the great Cotton Exchange in Manchester is a little stand, and under a glass globe is a miniature bale of raw cotton, and behind it the legend in gilt lettering: "PART OF THE FIRST BALE OF FREE COTTON. Shipped from West Virginia, U. S., to Liverpool, 1865. Free cotton is King. But what did it cost?"

The story of that bale of cotton is soon told. People from all the towns "footed it" to Liverpool and got a "lurry" (flat wagon), and trimmed it with flowers and bunting, and placed the bale of cotton in the center of the wagon, and the flag that you know so well newly vindicated in liberty, and the flag under which I was born, and which, in spite of all its mistakes and blunders of the 1770s, is a glorious flag, and between them the picture that you love, that my father loved, that you suffered for, that my folks suffered for, the plain picture that appeals to plain people in all the world—ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The rest of the space was filled with children, and the wagon was dragged from the docks through Exchange Street and Lime Street to St. George's Square, where it served as an altar for the Bishop of Manchester, who preached a sermon to

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twenty thousand people on the lessons of Civil Liberty. That sermon and the songs of the children still echo in their hearts.

I have asked those men again and again, "Would you do it again? Would you suffer again for liberty's sake?" And I asked myself, "Would I be willing to sacrifice mother and father at an early age through suffering resultant on that starvation period for this cause?" The answer is with them, as it is with you and me, a great big "YES."

My friend Jacob Riis has been telling the American reader about the "Making of an American." It seems to me like this, to change an old aphorism: "Some are born Americans, some achieve Americanism, and some have Americanism thrust upon them." Mr. Riis was of the second class, and I think I belong to the third.

Social Democracy and the Church in Germany

By Christian Luhnow

THE amazingly low percentage of church attendance and the small number of churches in the capital city of the German Empire—Berlin—is just now emphasized by the completion of the magnificent edifice opposite the imperial palace, popularly called the "Dome," which is to serve as the royal house of worship. With a population of over 1,800,000, Berlin to-day has less than threescore churches. One scans the boulevards in vain on Sabbath morning for the usual church processions, such as may be witnessed in Hyde Park, London, on Fifth Avenue, New York, and in other large capitals. There are no soft peals from church bells calling upon high and low to lay aside the burdens of life and attend devotional exercises. Nevertheless, the stranger is informed that Berlin has become much more devout during the reign of the present Emperor and Empress, who are strict church-goers. The Empress is especially zealous in building churches, and her main activities are in attending church-benefit festivals and organizing committees for the construction of new churches. It is due to the influence of the Kaiserin that the splendid Kaiser Wilhelm Gedachtniss Kurche in Charlottenburg, built in Norman style, and the new "Dome" were constructed.

But there still remains a pathetic absence of churches. The populace prefers to flock to the Philharmonic concerts or the numerous cafés on "Unter den Linden," where they witness the procession of royalty and fine vehicles. It seems, therefore, as though these imposing structures, with their lavish decorative architectural features, costing millions of marks, serve but to mock the absence of piety. Berlin has frequently been styled by preachers from the pulpit in Germany as "the most Godless of cities." The half-dozen gigantic edifices all have a hollow, cold appearance, which freezes religious zeal and seems to rebuke enthusiasm. Stoecker, Wundt, Wichern, Todt, and other valiant clergymen have fought hard to break through this apathy and inculcate a habit of church attendance. Every now and then there is a clarion cry from the pulpit, "Awaken, Evangelicals!" But the voice does not penetrate far. The masses pass by the doors of the church to attend popular lectures or socialistic gatherings. For Berlin is the seat of the Social Democratic movement.

The Protestant Church recognizes in Social Democracy a foe. The Church is allied to the State by close ties since the "Kulturkampf," the disfranchisement of Jesuit societies and the Catholic Church. Consequently the leaders of Social Democracy make no secret of the opposition to the Church. For every one church erected there are at least five halls devoted to the propagation of Social Democracy or the principles of Marx and Lassalle. Where Social Democracy directly fails to perform its work against the Church, the philosophies of Nietzsche, of Schopenhauer, Kant, and Hegel, influence the masses. This applies not only to Berlin but to all the large provincial cities of Germany. For the literature, art, and drama of Germany

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are to-day still under the sign of the gloomy philosophies of Nietzsche. The playhouse in Berlin affords a good criterion to judge which way the popular thoughts turn on religious questions. In "The Great Sin" by Otto Ernst and in Björnson's "Ueber Unsere Kraft" the religious theme is strongly developed, and the characters representing faith and adherence to orthodox creeds were made the subject of demonstrations on the *première* evenings. The modern German philosopher, who rejects Christianity, and the apostle of the æsthetical dogma are greeted as the knights of the new century. It is frequently repeated that Berlin goes to theaters to listen to religious subjects instead of attending church.

Brave but evidently unavailing efforts have been made to stem the influence of Social Democracy upon the Church. The Christian Social Movement, the Evangelical Workmen's Union, and other intermediary societies were formed to weaken the Social Democratic cause. This party appealed to the masses by demanding legislation for the workman and for a higher standard of existence among the peasant classes. This is where Social Democracy gained its power and replaced in a measure the Evangelical Church in the confidence of the masses both in the capital and the provinces. The Church, supported as it is by the State, had not much incentive to do missionary work until Social Democracy entered with its doctrines. It is only since the workmen's unions and Christian social societies have come into existence in answer to the gauntlet thrown down by the radical political party. Many earnest men, good and true to the cause, devote themselves to elevate the standard with which Bismarck led the Prussians into battle, "We Fear None but God." But the promise of a co-operative commonwealth, of the so-called *Kladaradatch*, with its division of spoils and other illusive promises held out to the peasant and the populace by the Social Democracy, appeals strongly to the lower classes. Efforts to reconcile the Social Democrats and bring them into closer touch with the Church have been fruitless. Bebel, Heine, Richter, Singer, and the other luminaries of the party listen to no compromises, but declare that the Church and State are closely welded authorities which are inimical to Social Democracy.

"What have the churches done for you when you were hungry and suffering?" is the popular text of Social Democrats. They convey their literature to the most remote hamlet, and send their speakers to every town and city to spread their doctrine. Just now, while the tariff agitation awakens the popular pulse, the Social Democrat is especially industrious. The common schools of Berlin, or *Volkschule*, are made auxiliaries to the liberal political movements. The schools are under the partial jurisdiction of the municipality, which is controlled by liberals and Social Democrats. Frequently protests appear from parents that their children are not taught the catechism, and that religious instruction is neglected by teachers and principals who owe their positions largely to the fact that their political views are in harmony with the liberal parties which govern the city council and elective offices of Berlin.

The growth of Social Democracy is best illustrated by the latest elections of Social Democratic candidates in vacant districts formerly controlled by conservatives and agrarians. At the last general Reichstag election the Social Democratic party obtained more than 2,000,000 votes, and forged completely ahead of all other political parties as a popular political movement. In the Reichstag its influence and representation are restricted by the Bismarck election laws, which disfranchise the voters of larger cities, in which revolutionary doctrines receive strongest support. The Lutheran synods and religious councils struggle with the invasion of the Social Democratic party upon their preserves at every annual and periodical meeting. But it is only recently that the missionary movement in the provinces has been supported with any show of energy. The struggle is up hill, with the popular educational movements tending away from the orthodox Church, and Social Democracy, on the other hand, attempting to incite prejudice against the clergy. Nevertheless, one hears now and then a plaintive cry for some great evangelical leader who will bring together the straying flocks and convert them into a compact army.

Berlin.

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Modern Mexico and its Capital

By Thomas R. Dawley, Jr.

MEXICO is really a rich man's country. Whatever way you enter it, this fact is self-evident. You may go by water, and, stopping off at Progresso, note, contrary to all preconceived and published accounts of Mexico, an absolute lack of poverty. Take a run up to Merida, and, although you find an outwardly dirty city, you will find a neat and cleanly dressed population, the majority of whom are Indians, called mestiza, and you will learn that there are *haciendados*, or landed proprietors, receiving from $1,500 to $4,000 daily from their product of hemp alone. I met only one beggar there, and he was a stranded Scandinavian sailor. I was told that there are beggars, however, but they are all fairly well-to-do, and only beg on a certain day of the week out of respect for a time-honored custom.

Though this part of Mexico is said to be producing more money per capita than any part of the world, it is not a poor man's country, for the simple reason that the property is pretty much all in the hands of a few, and the great majority, in order to live, have to work for very small wages, although labor is in great demand. This is the rule throughout Mexico. You land at Vera Cruz and find a dirty, ill-kept town, but are surprised, on the other hand, especially if you have stopped off at Havana, to find almost everybody of the common class hustling to make a quarter, or a dollar, as the case may be. While you have looked about in vain in Havana for some one to carry your handbag or trunk, here you are beset by porters who will carry both you and your trunk if you so desire.

At the wharf, as you enter the customs-house, the rapid click, click of chisels and hammers falls upon your ears as a score or two of *peon* stone-cutters work away as if for dear life to finish their tasks on the new Government works; they earn from fifty cents to one dollar a day Mexican money. What would one of our stone-cutters do there in competition with such labor?

You take the train up to Orizaba, and visit the jute and cotton mills there. You see hundreds of little brown boys working with the agility of monkeys at the spinning-frames, tumbling the spools as they are filled into baskets and replacing the empty ones; and at the looms you see barefooted brown men and girls working, I would say, for a pittance, but their wants are few, and they get enough to supply their wants; I dare say as much in comparison with their requirements as our own cotton weavers and spinners get at home. What would one of ours do in competition with one of these here?

It is the same if you go to Mexico by rail. You traverse the great desert of Chihuahua, where only the dust-covered cactus, and the brown sotol, and the yucca with its queer, bayonet-like leaf, or the wild sage and acacia bush, raise their heads above the parched plain. The water which supplies your engine has to be carried along in an extra tank coupled on to the train. The Chinaman in the little wooden shanty where the train stops, and who tries to feed you, has everything brought to him by the railroad. And the dust! It fills every crevice of the car, and, though they try to keep the car hermetically sealed, it fills your ears, your nose, your eyes and mouth, and piles up half a foot high on the platforms.

No one lives in that country except the Chinaman and the strange nomad who wanders about, with his house on wheels, from water-hole to water-hole. That certainly is no place for a poor man, yet the poor man, like the Arab of the desert, wherever there is water, is there eking out his miserable existence.

As you arrive at more fertile lands, you see the ragged Indian, with his head stuck through a tattered blanket, shivering in the cold. As the train stops, a polished Mexican, just returning from a visit to Europe, perhaps, alights and greets his few friends surrounded by the mob of ragged Indians. The country about is his; the poor man has none, neither has he the prospect of ever getting one.

The railroads are chiefly in the hands of Americans. The mines also are being chiefly developed now by Americans,

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But they must have money. If you should find a gold-mine, it would take you many weary months of waiting and a great many Mexican dollars to perfect your claim, and ceaseless litigation to acquire the results afterwards. And so it goes: whatever you attempt in Mexico, you must have capital. It is no place for the poor man.

At the Mexican capital everything you see displays ease and elegance, except, perhaps, the numerous old churches, brown, tilted, dust-covered; like the decrepit old man whose past glories have faded into history. And neither does the hand of man respect these, for modern Mexico has less use for churches than formerly. The architectural beauty has been impaired by box-like houses built close under their walls or around them, and some have been turned into warehouses, while the former priestly abode of one is turned into a low dance-hall.

On the corner of San Francisco and Santa Ysabel Streets we see the tall-hatted peons with pick and bar, slowly picking and prying down the massive walls of the old church and monastery of Santa Ysabel, soon to be but a memory. Those old walls must go to make room for a bit of park, a modern theater, and a new street. The old-time Mexican bows his head at this iconoclasm, with a sigh: it is the rule of the Modern Diaz.

The steam-roller is already at work on the asphalt, while a gang with huge wooden blocks are pounding down the concrete. The central streets of the city are all asphalted now, and sprinkled and swept clean every morning, to the great discomfort of the smooth-shod old-fashioned horses, which go along like the proverbial pig on ice, without his independence, to suddenly tumble all in a heap.

In the early evening is the time to see San Francisco Street, and you wonder whether you are in Mexico or St. Petersburg, for nowhere else do you see such equipages. Between the hours of six and seven the comparatively narrow street is one continually moving mass of horses and carriages going in one direction on one side and returning in the opposite direction on the other. There are private carriages with great prancing horses, jingling harnesses bright with gold and silver trimmings, guided by liveried coachmen and lackeys. Reclining on the soft cushions may be the Minister's wife and daughter, or perhaps the Minister himself. Perhaps the next man you see is a Diputado, or a famous lawyer, and instead of the conventional carriage he is handling the ribbons on the high box of an Irish jaunting-car. In the procession you may see the son of some rich *haciendado* astride his beautiful horse, with tall silver or gold bespangled hat worth a hundred dollars, and bespangled trousers worth as much more.

In the old Spanish days they allowed none but private equipages upon their *paseos*, but now the hired carriage is not prohibited. It is there, perhaps, with its liveried coachman and lackey, scarcely less elegant than the private rig of the Minister and the Diputado. And in between you may get an occasional glimpse of the yellow or the red cab.

The yellow and the red cab form an institution peculiar strictly to Mexico. In London, Paris, Madrid, or Havana, when you want a carriage, if there is any choice, you usually pick out the best-looking rig at hand. But in Mexico the Government does this for you. On the inferior-looking equipage they daub a yellow stripe across the door, put up a little yellow flag on top very much like a quarantine flag, and paste up on the inside a tariff of twenty-five cents for half an hour's ride. On the better-looking equipage—and sometimes it would take an expert to tell the difference between the two—they paint a red stripe, put up a red flag, and the tariff is thirty-seven and a half cents. Then there are a few carriages, which are quite respectable, with blue trimmings and a blue flag, and a tariff of fifty cents. When the carriage is not engaged, the driver puts up his flag, and keeps it up till he gets a fare.

To get some idea of the old city, I have found the best way to be to wander off by myself, and in this way I think I have trod nearly every old street and alley in the city. To me it has been like unearthing a very mine of the quaint, old, and curious. You come upon churches, curious old churches about which you find nothing in the guide-books, with towers leaning like the Tower of Pisa, and the churches themselves tilted as though several feet had been taken out from

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beneath one side of their foundations; yet there is not a crack in them, so strongly were their walls cemented together.

The Mexicans never sing. This statement was disputed by a friend of mine who thought they did sing. I told him to watch, and when he found one of them singing, to let me know. He did so, and finally brought me a girl of the house whom he had actually heard sing. She proved to be a Spaniard. The Spaniard always sings; whether she sweeps your room, beats the carpet, or dusts your clothes, she beats the time with her brush or broom and sings. The shoemaker mending your shoes in the streets of Seville or Murcia sings to the tune of his hammer. The Spaniard can't help singing, but the Mexican never sings. Whether it is because he don't know how, or don't want to, I failed to learn. But as instrumentalists they are, as a rule, superb. Every battalion has its military band, and there is no music too difficult for them.

In wandering through the streets of Mexico one of the things that struck me forcibly was the peculiar intonation of the Mexican voice, especially that of the woman. It is pitched in a very high key, and after you have once heard it you can never mistake it. I don't know of any other way that I can describe it than as a husky falsetto. Everywhere I went in the densely populated part of the city that voice was constantly ringing in my ears. It is only among the *pelones*, however—literally people without hair—a term applied to the lower element, that this peculiarity is marked.

That the Mexican thief is adroit is proverbial. But this applies to the Mexican of the City of Mexico. In some of the States, the people pride themselves so on their honesty, the story is told that if anything is stolen, or a robbery perpetrated, the police go out and arrest the first fellow they find who hails from the City of Mexico, and lock him up on general principles.

On my way to Mexico I was joined from Havana by a young man from the detective force on a leave of absence to visit his home in Texas. The day he was to leave Mexico City there was a bull-fight, and of course he went to the bull-fight, as all strangers do. As he intended to leave on the train immediately after the fight, he put his savings, $800 in United States currency, in the inside pocket of his coat. When the bull-fight was over, he found that his money was gone. He did not leave on the train that night, but the next morning went down to the chief of the detectives and told his story.

"Caramba!" exclaimed the chief when he had finished. "There were a lot of them out yesterday! Why, do you know they stole the pistol out of the belt of one of our gendarmes, and his cuff-buttons out of his cuffs."

The coolness of the chief angered the Havana detective so that he exclaimed that if the case had occurred in Havana, he would catch the thief within twenty-four hours.

"Oh, if that is what you want, we'll catch the thief for you," said the chief. And he did. He rounded up a goodly number of the known pickpockets in the city and showed them to the Havana man. Among them was one whom he recognized as having stood near him at the bull-fight, and, picking him out, he was taken into a room where, threatened with all sorts of inquisition and told to hand over the money, he said he didn't have it, but knew who did. They then went out and got the other fellow, and my friend got the most of his money back, with a trunk half full of clothing which the thief had bought with the rest of it.

When the old city of the Aztecs was finally conquered and destroyed, the survivors were completely demoralized. For years they existed on the little food the Spaniards allowed them, wandering forth from their miserable hovels mid the ruins of their temples growing over with vines and willow-trees. The Spaniards' attempt to rebuild the city was feeble. The climate was detestable, and Cortez much preferred Cuernavaca, where he built his palace, which exists to-day, and where on his great estate he first introduced the cultivation of sugar-cane.

In the ruins of Mexico sprang up a few rude convents and churches, the San Franciscans occupying the site of the great temple, now occupied by the cathedral. It was not till a century and a half afterwards that Mexico really began to be rebuilt. The demoralization of

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the native people was complete, and so practically exists to this day. There are no sacred traditions among them, no morals, little virtue. You scarcely ever see them laugh, and if you do, it is a laugh without a heart. The educated Mexican will tell you that they are a melancholy people. They fill up with *pulque* whenever they can, as though thus to drown their natural sorrow, and when drunk, apparently for no other motive than that of despair, they seem bent upon ending each other's lives with the knife. Daily you will see the police carrying one of their number on a stretcher, dead or wounded, off to the hospital or morgue. Otherwise they are a harmless, inoffensive, generous people. They seem to be content to live in the utmost squalor and poverty, making no effort to better their condition. I am told that many of them have no homes or shelter at all, but, gathering their few rags about them, lie down, however cold it may be, wherever night overtakes them, and are content. I have seen myself, late at night in one of the poor quarters of the city, nearly a score of men, women, and children lying down for the night by the dim flame of a fire, closely packed side by side on the damp floor of their miserable cavern. Is it any wonder that the mortality of the city is so great, typhus alone taking off on the average nearly two hundred a month?

The population of the city, according to official figures, is three hundred thousand, but when you go over the city thoroughly you are apt to wonder where they all live. With the exception of the houses of the rich, it seems a travesty to say that there are any well-to-do people in Mexico, for there are only the rich and the poor. The houses are mostly one story high, seldom more than two. Even though the poor may be crowded into these, it did not seem to me that the city could contain much more than a hundred thousand souls. But an American physician thought, judging by the mortality, that the population given by the Government was about right. One American who has lived there twenty years told me that he doubted if the city had half that number, and in a quaint way said that no correct census had ever been taken.

"Why," said he, "if they should undertake to take a census, half the people would run off to the mountains, thinking they were going to be put in jail."

And from the evidence I saw, I suspect they are put in jail for almost anything, or nothing at all. I saw one poor old woman arrested on the charge of brushing the fresh paint off of somebody's house. The policeman who arrested her turned her over to the policeman at the next corner, and he, in turn, turned her over to the next one, and so on till the commissaria was reached. The poor woman was crying and appealing to each policeman in turn that she had not rubbed the paint off, and in evidence showed her shawl, which should certainly have shown the paint if she had rubbed it off.

The procedure of turning her over to a new policeman with a charge at each corner struck me as a peculiar one. It reminded me of a game we used to play when we were children, which consisted of whispering a story to one of the party, and he in turn whispering it to the next, and so on till the last one got it, when he told it aloud to see how much like the original it was. It seemed to me that by the time the eighth or tenth policeman got the old woman to the commissaria for rubbing the paint off, the charge would be very much like our stories used to be, and he would have her charged with stealing a barrel of paint, at least.

Though the people of the City of Mexico were demoralized by their conquest, it does not follow that this was the case outside of the great Tenochtitlan. According to my mind, the rule of the Spaniards was accepted elsewhere by the Aztecs as a less evil than that existing. The rule of the Montezumas was scarcely more than an oligarchy to which they were sacrificed and abused. Only two years after the conquest of the great city we find that the Spaniards founded the little village of Ocotepec, an Aztec name meaning the place of the pine-tree, only a few miles from the renowned Cuernavaca. The church built there bears the date 1522, and the Aztecs are living there to-day in just as pure and primitive a state as when they were gathered together there under the pine-tree by the San Franciscan fathers, made Christians, and taught to build the Christian Church.

It was here that the Hon. John Barrett and his party, including myself, were

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arrested for climbing into a belfry. There is no law against climbing into belfries, and to me the temptation of climbing into the belfry of a church, perhaps the oldest on the American continent, was irresistible. From the Indian point of view, we had invaded their town and the sanctity of their church, and we should be punished accordingly. One of them, in his argument for our prosecution before the Aztec judge, picking up something belonging to one of our party, said:

"There is no law against my touching this: I may not want to take it, but it is not mine, and consequently I have no right to touch it."

When one of our party said, judging the Indian by his knowledge of the demoralized mixed race, "Oh, they merely want to get some money out of us," and Mr. Barrett instructed him to pay the Indians, that we might get out, the old judge drew himself up with dignity and scorned the proposition.

The recent commercial and industrial development of Mexico is surprising, but with it the Indian must go. Mexico no longer imports her cotton fabrics, but is now looking for a foreign market for her output. At Rio Blanco we saw manufacturers putting up fine calico prints with the French label on them, and they could not be distinguished from the finest French manufacture. At Monterey they are putting up a $10,000,000 steel plant, and, with its solid mountain of iron at Durango, when completed it will turn out as much steel plate and rails in one day as the entire republic can consume in one month. The place has the largest smelting-works in the world, and breweries galore.

With this great industrial awakening, the people have mostly forgotten how to make a revolution, and when they do attempt it, as not infrequently happens, in some out-of-the-way region, President Diaz sends his soldiers, and the revolutionists and sometimes their entire community are promptly annihilated, and the outside world is none the wiser.

Municipal Ownership and Corrupt Politics

By Henry C. Adams

Professor of Political Economy in the University of Michigan

THE question of the municipal ownership of street railways is not an isolated question, but a part of a great system of industrial evolution that is now going on. Whether regarded from the nature of the service rendered or of the conditions under which they are operated, street railways must be classed as public industries; and, this being the case, the question whether they should be owned and operated by the municipality, or controlled through a commission appointed by the municipality, is the only one to be considered. My own opinion, arrived at with some reluctance after many years of hesitation, is that the policy of public ownership and public administration has more to be said in its favor, all things taken into consideration, than the programme of public control.

It is often said that municipal ownership of the street railways would result in the creation of a political machine and in the corruption of city politics. This, without doubt, suggests a most serious criticism upon the plan. At the same time, I am inclined to think there is less likelihood of corruption should the street railways be owned by the city than under existing conditions. The franchise of the street railway in a large city is worth an immense amount of money, and increases in value at a rate more rapid than the increase in population. This being the case, there is every motive presented for the purchase of political influence, so long as the street railway remains in the hands of private corporations. If, however, the city itself owns the franchise and operates the railways upon it, the Aldermen have nothing of value to sell, and the present form of political corruption at least would be done away with.

There are two thoughts in addition that I would like to suggest. In the first place, are we entirely clear as to what we mean when we use the term "political cor-

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ruption"? Many things which in private industry are regarded as all right are characterized as corrupt if done by an official of the State.

The truth is, the ideal of public morality entertained by the American people is infinitely purer and higher than the ideal of morality which controls in the business world. We should not forget that municipal ownership means absolute publicity, an established system of accounting, and the unquestioned right on the part of citizens to investigate the manner in which the municipality performs its public duties—a condition which does not and cannot exist so long as street railways continue to be private property.

The second thought which I wish to express relative to this phase of the question is that public responsibility is always followed by a development of the sense of respectability. Men of influence and brains are no longer in this generation influenced by the amount of money that can be made out of a situation. The political economy which assumes that the struggle for money is an adequate explanation of industrial conduct is sure to err in its conclusions, because it does not recognize all the motives involved. The sense of power and the ambition for influence are equally strong motives to industrial activity with the desire for money. This being the case, the talents and brains of the country will inevitably be drawn into the service of those organizations which grant the opportunity of an exercise of power and influence.

The conclusion from this premise is direct. If the municipalities wish to secure the services of men of talent and of respectability, they must assume functions that call talent into the field and also those that gratify the sense of respectability. History declares that the rise of efficient local government follows the assumption by the government of social responsibilities, and, as exemplified in the United States, that the decay of local government follows the restriction of local functions.

The superficial humorist may reply that this argument involves an amendment of the New Testament to the effect that he who is unfaithful in little things will surely be faithful in big things, which, of course, is not only a misquotation but a misapplication of the true quotation. If the city desires the service of respectability and talent, it must grant to its servants responsibility and influence.

The dangers which attend the experiment in municipal ownership of street railways arise, as it appears to me, from two sources. In the first place, it is likely that the public will demand an immediate dividend from the new investment in an abnormal reduction in fares, and, in the second place, it is not unlikely that the Common Council of the city, in its desire to justify the purchase, will sacrifice the interests of the future to the present. These difficulties, however, may be easily avoided by two simple devices. In the first place, the municipal railway accounts should provide for a deterioration account, and charge up to operating expenses each year an ample sum to cover deterioration. Provided this is done, fares cannot be reduced too low—assuming, of course, that the railways are not to be operated for the public profit. In the second place, the bonds issued for this purpose should include a sinking-fund provision capable of wiping out the debt in a reasonable number of years.

It seems to me that the problem of municipal ownership of street railways and the government ownership of commercial railways are independent problems. The great difficulty in governmental ownership of commercial railways does not lie in the technical questions of construction and operation, but in the adjustment of a schedule of rates that shall be fair to all sections of the country. In the question of municipal railways this question does not find a place. There are no terminal facilities, since the freight carried, being passengers, is self-loading and self-unloading; there is no need of an extended classification of freight, since all freight for the most part is of the same sort. The question of rates is one that may be easily and simply settled. Moreover, the interests involved in the case of municipal railways are restricted to a small locality, and the result of this is that the policies of administration may be easily adjusted. For many other reasons also that might be mentioned, the decision in favor of municipal ownership for street railways does not involve a similar decision for commercial railways.

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The Divinity School and the University[1]

By Theodore T. Munger

NO department of professional study is undergoing so close scrutiny and sharp criticism as that of Theology.

The pressing questions to-day in theology are—*what* shall be taught; *how* shall it be taught, and *where* shall it be taught? I propose to say a few words on the last point; and my contention will be that it should be taught in a University rather than by itself.

I shall not attempt to define closely the relation which the Theological School should sustain to the University, but I would urge that it should always be made a department in a University; that its relation should be so close and vital as to feel its spirit, and to learn and adopt those careful and comprehensive habits of thought which are fostered by University life. What I plead for is no radical change in this Divinity School, or any change except such as shall bring it closer to the University, into a fuller participation in the studies of departments kindred to its own, and for such administration as shall fully co-ordinate it with other departments, to the end that its students shall regard their status as University men as prior to that of the Divinity School. To state it concretely, I would have a student think and feel and say (for it involves all three) that he is studying theology in the University rather than in the Divinity School.

A trifling distinction, it may be said. Let us see. What I have in mind is a complete breaking up and end of the closely segregated theological school of the past. It need not be a cataclysmal change, but an orderly development and natural falling into the place where it belongs.

Nor is it so revolutionary as it seems to be. The Theological Seminary is not yet venerable. It displaced other methods by wiser ones, but that does not give it the right to permanence. Indeed, it wears the appearance of a makeshift until there should be either a return to some previous method or progress into a better one in the future. So short is the period of theological education in this country, and so difficult have been the conditions under which it has been carried forward, that we have no right to infer that the best method has been demonstrated.

It is an interesting and suggestive fact that the first Congregational ministers in New England were distinctly University men. Davenport, John Eliot, Richard Mather—though he did not wait long enough to take his degree—were University men, as were many, if not most, of the first pastors of the Colonial churches. They fixed standards of scholarship and left a spirit of learning which have not yet died out. Harvard and Yale are the children of these men. They were founded not only to secure a learned and godly ministry, but the University type of ministers. The humanities were included in their studies along with Hebrew and Theology; and their early graduates could talk Latin.

Owing perhaps to theological jealousies, or to the encroachment of secular studies upon the curriculum, candidates for the ministry began to study in private with some eminent divine—an ideal method, one might think, but a worse method could hardly have been devised. It was the reversal of the University method, and almost a return to the method of the nursery. Imagine a fairly bright youth spending two years in the study of Dr. Bellamy; what would be the result? Another Bellamy? No, but just as close an image of him as the pressure of two years could produce.

Then came the era of the Theological Seminary. It would be difficult to overestimate the good achieved by Andover; from the first presided over by men of marked and often great ability, the home of learning and of noted scholars—one of whom has just passed away from earth—a man of so fine and rare a type that one thinks of him first as a chivalrous soldier, and then as a saint of whitest purity, and last as a student who counted not his life dear to him if he

[1] Read at the ordination to the ministry of Professor F. K. Sanders, Dean of the Yale Divinity School, January 6, 1902.

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could make plainer the words of his Master. But Henry Thayer, though he did the greater part of his work in Andover, could no longer find it in his conscience to stay, and went to the Theological Department of Harvard, but without change or even suspicion of change of faith. Another scholar of eminence has just left Andover for Harvard. The reason in each case is that a true scholar wants first freedom, and then the University itself in all the fullness of its meaning.

Andover was built upon a hill facing a western sky, which glows—so its lovers say—with the finest sunsets ever seen in New England. It was separate from the world, quiet, healthy, a good place for meditation and undisturbed devotion to sacred studies. It was a fit place for all this, and never were peace and seclusion put to better use; but there was one lack at Andover—it lacked the University. Its students were admirably taught; there was close contact with one another—what one knew, or felt, or achieved, all saw and profited by, but they did not feel the University. The students went out as Professor Parks's pupils, and not as graduates of a University. Their real diploma was a thick note-book of lectures. What I am saying is not criticism; it is the history of a phase of theological training in this country that has lasted about a century, and deserves grateful mention for all time. It is passing away, inevitably—not because it was bad, but because better methods of training for the ministry are becoming possible.

The transition to the University is going on—not rapidly, but steadily—Andover warmly and willingly wooed by Harvard, but with too small a dowry for so princely espousals; Bangor bravely sustaining the old order from sheer necessity and self-sacrificing duty; Middletown held back from Yale by the death-hand of endowment; Oberlin resuming its early courage and progressive spirit in the person of two theologians of clear insight and forecast—nearest of all our Seminaries, perhaps, to the ideal in its relation to the University (if the great College can be so called), for it dominates the institution; and Hartford our ancient foe, but such no longer, having lately given us a rich hostage. Why should there be two Seminaries in Connecticut? Why should two men do one man's work? Why should mistake be perpetuated by an institution whose office it is to correct mistake? Why should dead issues be clothed in the garments of life? Time and tendency will undo the errors of the past. The movement to-day everywhere points toward the University, where all questions can be debated in free and open fields, and truth can be fed by all knowledge.

One of the first things to be done in a Theological School already connected with a University is to bring its students upon the same basis as other students in the matter of tuition. If tuition is free in all departments, let it be free in Theology; otherwise not. One of the fundamental mistakes in the treatment of ministers is that they are coddled. A balance is often struck by criticism, but the one makes the other unendurable. Hardly anything is more demoralizing to manhood than the notion that something is due one because he is religious and expects to enter upon a religious calling. It is specially demoralizing at that period when a young man has come to full adulthood, and feels, if he ever can feel it, that high spirit of independence which leads him to say, "I can make my own way in the world." It may be excessive; it will often be thwarted in the rough world; but it is a divine thing, the seal of his mastery over nature and himself. To sully this instinct by separating him from his fellows as one to be favored is to wrong him in the strongest element of character.

This sense of special favor on professional ground is something that Deans in College have to contend with, though, of course, they cannot openly speak of it. It is a wretched habit of mind that grows worse the further on it is carried. It is the jest and the sneer of "the wise world which is mainly right." The profession from first to last should be free from its influence. Surely any student in theology ought to be not only willing but eager to put himself on the same level with the student in medicine, or law, or science. The world needs all alike, and the world may educate all free if it sees fit (though the fitness may be questioned), but to create a favored class by exemption from claims which other students meet is

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to injure both the man and the profession.

What is wanted in the ministry is men of high spirit, of delicate sensibility, of moral bravery. What is wanted in our seminaries is men who will come bringing the tuition fees with them as a sign and pledge of manhood. My point is that the Divinity School should ally itself in this matter with the University in its various departments, as on an equality, and neither above nor below the rest. To discriminate in favor of theology is to violate its nature as a science that deals with the finest sentiments and the most honorable duties of human nature.

But this, while not unimportant, is a small thing compared with other reasons for a clear alliance, if not absolute identification, of the Theological School with the University. It must not be overlooked that the studies of theology, and of the Arts and Science Departments of the University, and even of Law and Medicine, shade into each other. The encyclopædic character of the University is gaining ground. It is not a congeries of unrelated things, but a circle of studies in science, art, literature, morals, and religion. They stand in a mutual vital relation, and each contributes to the meaning of the other.

The question which Newman discusses in his fascinating book, "The Idea of the University," whether its aim is culture or knowledge, no longer exists. A striking conception of the University recently fell under my eye, that is singularly apt and complete. It says that "the University contends for the Humanity of God, the congeniality of the Mind of Nature with the Mind of Man, and the plasticity of all materials to the human ideal."[1] In this trilogistic phrase we have, in the first part, the fundamental thought of Christianity; in the second part, the correlation between nature and man through which knowledge becomes possible and sure; and in the third part we have the assertion that the universe is to be interpreted in the terms of man because in him only it finds meaning. Now these are all scientific postulates, but they are also theological. They are to be studied, however, under the forms and in the spirit of the University, for thus only is certainty reached, or, if not certainty, a faith that is reasonable.

But the University itself, as it has heretofore been considered, is no longer a place where old and new knowledge is tabulated, and discoveries are made and set to work in the world with impassive care for their relation to other truth. If this conception of it is not dead, the sooner it is slain and buried the better. The University has been invaded by Humanity; and Theology has reached a point where its problems and its nature are to be determined by the problems and by the nature of humanity. But they must be studied in the scientific method—that is, in the University. Woe be to theology in the future if it holds back from the scientific method; and a heavier woe will fall upon the University if it is indifferent to that department of truth which is necessary to complete its circle. The earliest University in Europe taught chiefly theology; it is the keystone of the round arch.

One of the dangers incident to the ministry to-day is that the preacher may not be as broad as his congregation who have graduated in the great university of the world and of human experience. It is a mistake to think that he touches the people only at the one point of religion; the point of contact is *life*. He is prone to be, through the bias of his education—aided, let us confess, by a natural misapprehension of religion—either inoffensive or over-strenuous. Often he touches subjects which he does not understand; he cannot well avoid the subjects, but he should approach them in a broad and tolerant spirit—undogmatic, tentative, and without heated insistence. He may be quite honest, but he needs the illuminating light of the University, which, by its nature, is broad and clear, conservative and progressive. But a segregated school of theology is almost necessarily partial and partisan. The leading theologian or exegete gives a bias in one direction or the other. Or, an endowment, or some fixed relation to a denomination, may swing it one way or the other. Hence there is no freedom, or range of thought wider than that dictated by a dead or a living majority of the representatives of the denomination. What can be more absurd than to educate young men for the ministry of the present

[1] Charles Ferguson, "The Affirmative Intellect," p. 148.

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in accordance with a theology prescribed by the past? They may escape the snare, but the intention is that they shall not escape it, in which case the student must be false to the present if he is true to the past. But the University is bound to nothing but its own inherent fidelity to the pursuit of knowledge. Bind it by a single thread of authority, and its verdicts no longer have value.

But there are weightier reasons for insisting on the University habit of study and thought. The relation of the pulpit to society to-day is not in a satisfactory condition. It is doubted in some quarters if it has any relation beyond enforcing either a definite ecclesiasticism, or a dogmatic theology, or a hard literalism in Bible reading. But no thoughtful man believes that the pulpit can long hold itself aloof from those subjects of which society is thinking day and night. These questions play about humanity and justice. However it be with the world in fact, its questions are permeated with morality. The Church must follow them into the world or be left behind—stranded in its own stagnant shallows. The difficulty is to do this well. The questions are of immense importance—growing as they do out of the very heart and life of the Nation. Great changes are going on that involve even the constitution of the government; questions as to labor and commerce, and enormous increase in wealth; questions as to the development and use of immeasurable resources; questions how to deal with vice and secure justice; questions as to the bounds of personal liberty in attempts to secure the welfare of all; questions of war and peace and empire; questions as Democracy comes forward with mighty strides and takes possession of all things.

Now, the preacher has to do with all these questions to a certain extent. He cannot help himself; they mount into his pulpit; they invade him wherever he is. One thing is sure: whether he preaches much or little on these questions, he must treat them with the highest possible intelligence and wisdom. If he cannot teach his people on these questions, it were better that he should be silent. It is just here that the University serves the preacher. It has taught him, at least, to look at a question on all sides; to gather all the facts pertaining to it; to weigh precedents; to handle the past with mingled reverence and courage, and to hold the present as equally sacred and more imperative. It is the enemy of cranks of whatever sort. It shuts off crudeness, and ill-digested knowledge, and superstition, and hasty inference, and dogmatic assumption. It knows dogma only in the light of history, where it is respected and held for what it is worth. It judges all things, but with caution and humility and charity. Its charmed circle excludes authority and ecclesiasticism, and all catch-words—such as conservative or radical. Now, all this is what the student of Theology specially needs to feel and to keep in mind; and to that end he needs to breathe the full air of the University.

It may seem that my earnest contention for a close relation between the Divinity School and the University requires that its studies should part with their specific character. This would be a mistake, but, in view of past changes, it might be expected that further changes should be made. Sixty years ago Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, said a few words upon this subject which are as keen and timely as when first uttered:

"All that I would entreat of every man with whom I had any influence is that if he read at all—in the sense of studying—he should read widely and comprehensively; that he should not read exclusively or principally what is called Divinity. Learning, as it is called, of this sort—when not properly mixed with that comprehensive study which alone deserves the name—is, I am satisfied, an actual mischief to a man's mind; it impairs his simple common sense, and gives him no wisdom. It makes him narrow-minded, and fills him with absurdities; and while he is really grievously ignorant, it makes him consider himself a great divine." (Life and Letters, II., p. 146.)

Dr. Arnold's idea presupposes the University, and calls for it if it is to be realized. It will be granted that clergymen as a whole read broadly, but yet how narrowly when the breadth of the field they are to cover is considered! Some of us can remember those first days of our ministry, when we had laid aside a few dollars of our scanty salary—but large enough for the work we did—and

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bought our first installment of a library. How black it looked—not a prismatic hue on a single cover: the sermons of the most popular preacher at home and abroad; a work on homiletics (a delusion and a snare); several commentaries truly comprehensive if their mistakes were counted; replies to atheists, and to heresies that simply fed them; and so on, haply redeemed by a volume or two of Neander and a set of Alford. It grieves one to think how little they served us, and still more what we did with them. Let us hope that the great book of final account does not contain a list of those we sent to Western home missionaries.

Ministers still read too narrowly. I know it is a debated and a debatable subject, and certainly it is one of vast importance. For one, I am inclined to the opinion that a theological student's reading should be as carefully determined as his studies. But, as both knowledge and culture furnish the staple of his thought, his range should be wide, yet not lawless. In short, it should be determined by the University under the instruction of a specially competent teacher. Of course one may now and then treat his soul to a carouse over Heine or Balzac; but reading is sacred business, and—let us venture to say—is one half of education. How thoroughly and broadly, then, should it be taught; and how can we escape the conclusion that it should be done under the University idea and a professor of literature? That is, it should not be taught with a view to the profession, except in part, but in order to perfect one's culture and broaden one's general knowledge. The student needs to become an all-round man as the best means of becoming a good minister.

I am aware that what I have said will provoke the sweeping criticism that it would secularize the theological school; and that the singleness of purpose which is the soul of the preacher's vocation would grow dull, and his enthusiasm be drawn off into many and diverse channels.

The criticism is worthy of the utmost consideration. Better that almost everything should be passed by than that the edge of moral enthusiasm should be dulled. But let us not assume that this would follow. The segregated method of theological education has proved, not a failure, yet not a success. It savors of the cloister. It does not follow that the change of method would prove disastrous to piety. That it may alter the type of piety is probable. Close contact with the University class-rooms may bring on crises in the faith of some men that end badly; and some who are weak cannot endure the transfer into the broad fields of knowledge where the winds blow free, but the better and stronger men will undergo the tests and gain by the experience. What a minister most needs today to enable him to stand up in a pulpit and preach the Gospel is—next to the grace of God—a broad backing of human knowledge as it is presented in the University. That—surest of all things—squares him with the world.

But it is not true, historically, that the University has been unfavorable to religious earnestness. Not to go into the subject closely, I will only say that the great religious movements that have been free from superstition and fanaticism have sprung up in the Universities. It is sufficient to name those revivals of faith under the Wesleys and Whitefield of Oxford, and later under Simeon of Cambridge, which, if in some ways they were called out by the low state of religion in the Universities, still drew their power from them. It was what the University taught John Wesley that made him the master spirit of the day, the strongest religious force in England since the Reformation. Grace comes easily to all. One may find it on one's knees and in the Bible, but wisdom, insight, breadth of view, and the inspiration that knowledge itself awakens, are drawn from those other words of God by which a man lives and by which he does his best work. The Tractarian movement, whatever its doctrines, was profoundly religious. Pusey, Keble, Newman, found their undying zeal as well as their weapons in the University. And there is Drummond—a University Professor. My point is that the University is not only not unfavorable to personal fervor in religion, but becomes the strength and ground of religious activity.

It would be difficult to find a cleaner and more rational page of religious experience than in the recently published volume, "Two Centuries of Christian

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Activity at Yale"—not free from faults and defects, but, upon the whole, steadied and lifted up and strengthened by the University spirit. Nor need I say that nearly all the ministers who have left a lasting mark upon our New England life have been those who have come as near the University spirit as could be here realized. Nor need I allude to the painful fact that men of great religious zeal and even genius in preaching the Gospel to the people have often half undone their work and reduced it to a passing phase through lack of the steadying power of broad knowledge and inability to make wide generalizations and correct inductions.

While not depreciating the supreme value of the religious element in the training of a minister, I would put beside it as a factor that impalpable but real thing which we name as *atmosphere:* the subtle influence that issues from some man or collection of men, or from a great University in its totality; its library—the basis of all—its masters in all studies, its students in diverse groups, yet all treading one path and all animated by the Pentecostal breadth of mind in fullest action: it is this *atmosphere* that the minister needs to breathe and grow in, because it lies so closely alongside his future work. He needs to have his mind enriched and made sympathetic with all truth and stored with deep human enthusiasms. Newman, in a famous passage—bold, extravagant, rash—put it above the drill of the class-room.[1] I am inclined to think that there are many who would agree with him, though loth to make the comparison between head and heart. But Newman meant that the atmosphere of the University had more and fitter educating power than the drill of the class-room. With those of us who are far on, the passion deepens with the years. How often we turn out of our way to cross the campus, simply that we may once more feel it and breathe its atmosphere! The old teachers are all gone and the old buildings are gone; but the *University* remains—the abode of learning, the nurse of culture and honor and the "manners that make the man," the embodiment of high thought and noble feeling, the defender of the truth it uncovers, the enemy of all sham and unreality, the gateway that opens into the high secrets and order of the world. It is good to feel it once more, and to fancy, at least, that we again behold "the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

It is in such an atmosphere that the student becomes, as Milton says, "enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue." Here one comes into an atmosphere that makes one forever ashamed of all narrowness and bigotry and uncharity and irreverence toward God and man; from these things he is held back by the breadth of his vision and the depth of his sympathies.

But these are conditions that cannot be secured in like degree in the isolated school of theology. Of course I speak of tendencies, not of particular examples. A great teacher can create an atmosphere of breadth and nobility of thought anywhere, but the tendency of a school in which only one subject, even with wide affiliation of other subjects, is taught, and the mind is kept in a constant stretch over what is termed religion—its sources, its history, its truths and errors, its interpretations, its applications, its subjective processes—when a whole company live steadily in such a world and pursue such subjects, the tendency, I repeat, is opposite to breadth of thought, and is toward narrowness, and to what, for lack of a better name, I will call professionalism—a bad thing in all professions, and worst of all in the minister, because it separates him from the people. What wonder is it that in such a segregated community, and under constant influences that deepen the segregation, the ministerial manner and look and tone gather quickly about him and mark him for their own—a melancholy object, belonging to no real world and not even to himself, educated out of religion because so deeply drilled in it, going out into the great world without having gone through the University, where one can hardly fail of getting some conception of the world it typifies?

[1] "Idea of a University," p. 155.

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Napoleon's Letters to Josephine[1]

NAPOLEON'S letters to Josephine add little or nothing to the knowledge of Napoleon already possessed by those who have made any study of his career and character. This is partly because Napoleon's letters must always be taken with allowance. He was never really frank. He rarely if ever expressed his real self. He always posed, and calculated beforehand what would be the effect of his speech or his action. He was always on the stage, always playing a part. In these letters he is conducting a campaign, and calculates the effect of his appeals much as he calculates the effect of a cannonade or a cavalry charge on the battlefield. Sometimes he gives free rein to his impetuous passion—"A thousand kisses as fiery as my soul, as chaste as yourself;" sometimes he conducts a skillful flank attack: "All these fair Poles are Frenchwomen at heart; but there is only one woman for me. Would you know her? I could draw her portrait very well; but I should have to flatter it too much for you to recognize yourself; yet, to tell the truth, my heart would only have nice things to say to you."

How much heart there is in his passionate expressions of devotion, or his complainings of Josephine's coldness, or whether there is any heart at all; how much of his rhetoric is skill and how much is sentiment, it is impossible to determine. It is only certain that the two are intermingled, probably in varying proportions. In order to measure and weigh these letters rightly it would be necessary to read at least some of Josephine's replies, but those have not been made public, so far as we know. We have, therefore, to judge of her letters by his responses. These responses and what they imply respecting her letters confirm what history had already told us—that he was passionately in love with her, that is, as much in love as so supreme an egotist as he could be, and that she was not at all in love with him. On his side there was, not indeed a deep, true, and tender affection, but a strong passion; on hers a great ambition. The poets and romancers are never weary of depicting the beatific influence of the wife over her husband, nor is it possible to depict that influence, when it is at its best, in colors too glowing; but the historian cannot forget that the influence of a wife over her husband has sometimes been fatal to him. If it had not been for Henrietta Maria, Charles I. would not have lost his head; if it had not been for Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI. would probably not have lost his. If Josephine had been a different woman, Napoleon would have been a different man. He would not have been a saint; but a true woman would have done something to restrain the worse and inspire the better elements in his strangely contradictory character. Josephine's influence, so far as we can make out, was wholly evil; the best that can be said for it is that it was not very great.

There are, however, in these letters of Napoleon some real hints as to his character. Thus, for example, these sentences hint at that curiously commingled sentimentalism and skepticism which was characteristic of him, as it is characteristic of the French people: "What means the future? what means the past? what are we ourselves? what magic fluid surrounds and hides from us the things that it behooves us most to know? We are born, we live, we die, in the midst of marvels; is it astounding that priests, astrologers, charlatans, have profited by this propensity, by this strange circumstance, to exploit our ideas and direct them to their own advantage? Chauvet is dead. He was attached to me. He has rendered essential service to the fatherland. His last words were that he was starting to join me. Yes, I see his ghost; it hovers everywhere, it whistles in the air. His soul is in the clouds, he will be propitious to my destiny. But, fool that I am, I shed tears for our friendship, and who shall tell me that I have not already to bewail the irreparable?" The following picture of a bombardment illustrates his dramatic character, in which

[1] *Napoleon's Letters to Josephine, 1796–1812.* For the First Time Collected and Translated, with Notes, Social, Historical, and Chronological, from Contemporary Sources. By Henry Foljambe Hall. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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pity really exists, but always plays a subordinate part: "We attacked Mantua yesterday. We warmed it up from two batteries with red-hot shot and from mortars. All night long that wretched town has been on fire. The sight was horrible and majestic." His consciousness of the public, and how everything he does and his wife does should be made to appear to the public, gets more than one illustration, but a single one must here suffice: "It is not necessary for you to go to the small plays and into a private box; it ill befits your rank; you should only go to the four great theaters, and always into the Royal box. Live as you would do if I were at Paris." His knowledge of human nature receives some interesting illustrations; for example: "You tell me that perhaps it is a mere phantasy of the night, and you add that you are not jealous. I found out long ago that angry persons always assert that they are not angry; that those who are afraid keep on repeating that they have no fear; you, therefore, are convicted of jealousy. I am delighted to hear it!"

All this is interesting, in some sense illuminating, in a way confirmatory of the preconceptions with which the student of Napoleon will approach the volume, but it adds little or nothing really new to our knowledge of him. The book is well edited, and has useful notes and a good index.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress upon Human Life and Thought. By H. G. Wells. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 341 pages. $1.80, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Biblical Cyclopædia: From the Original Text of John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. New Edition Thoroughly Revised. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6¼×9 in. 687 pages.

The appearance at this time of this new edition of Eadie's Cyclopædia affords an illustration of the reason why theological science is so widely discredited. In no other branch of learning would any publisher venture to put upon the market a work so antiquated. After seeing this book, presumably salable, offered as representing the present stage of knowledge in Biblical subjects, one needs to go no further to discover why the ministry fails so often to command the respect of educated and intelligent minds. Some day we expect to see a Biblical encyclopædia of this size and price that will put in popular form what this deliberately disregards—the results of scholarly investigation into the literature of the Bible.

Book of Secrets (A): With Studies in the Art of Self-Control. By Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 138 pages. $1, net.

Mr. Dresser is always suggestive, stimulating, helpful, even if one cannot always agree with him. His present book might be described as a detailed exposition of the ideas presented in Tennyson's familiar lines:

> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

The secrets he unfolds concern the way to this complete self-realization. Only, he would add to Tennyson's thought, as the ultimate requirement, a realization of the presence of the Infinite Spirit, and the opening of the doors of the soul to him. Mr. Dresser aims to close a break in the method of religion, to unite thought and life, to make religion more than a matter of thought and feeling, so covering conduct and all the functions of life as to be really organic. When he speaks from his own experience of the benefit he has found in applying Christian faith in God to the remedy of bodily disease, his testimony of a close relation between the gospel of salvation and the gospel of health is not to be impeached by those who have not had his experience. One may, however, reasonably doubt whether he has given the true physiological account of the effect produced on the system by an overworked brain.

Captain Jenks, Hero. By Ernest Crosby. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 393 pages. $1.50.

A sorry disappointment to those who admired the author's "Plain Talks in Psalm and Parable." When he spoke in his own person, Mr. Crosby showed exceptional powers as a satirist; when he attempts to speak through the person of his "hero," his satire is much less effective than that of an ordinary Punch and Judy showman. His Captain Jenks is rather less lifelike than a well-made tin soldier, and the author is utterly lacking in the power of ventriloquism. Dan Beard's illustrations of the volume are incomparably better than the text. Those who hate the worst tendencies of militarism will enjoy several of the artist's caricatures.

Courtship of Sweet Anne Page (The). By Ellen V. Talbot. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 91 pages. 40c., net.

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Contributions to Education. No. I.—**Isolation in the School.** By Ella Flagg Young. 5×7½ in. 104 pages. 50c., net. No. II.—**Psychology and Social Practice.** By John Dewey. 5×7½ in. 42 pages. 28c. No. III.—**The Educational Situation.** By John Dewey. 5×7½ in. 104 pages. 25c.

These three publications compose the first half of a series of six announced by the University of Chicago. The general aim is to bring educational theory and practice closer together by applying the test of psychological principles to the facts and conditions found in the schools. Under the general term "school" are included all the educational grades from kindergarten to university. By the "isolation" of the school is meant, not only the mechanical apartness of these from one another, not yet overcome by the growth of a co-operative life, but also their practical detachment from the real life of the world, observable in the retention both of study-matter and methods of treatment that are no longer valued in the world. The connection of "psychology and social practice" is viewed as analogous to that of physics and industry. When the psychological mechanism shall be mastered, as the physical has been, the power of habit, haphazard, and hence of force, which creates such anomalies in social life, will be controlled by knowledge of the conditions under which the possible values of life are actualized. In other words, advance in psychology carries increasing control in the ethical sphere. As to "the educational situation," what we have is neither an old nor a new education, but "certain vital tendencies," each a factor of efficiency, but diverse and tangential. The present question, therefore, is the co-operative adjustment of these necessary factors. The difficulties of this problem are luminously discussed.

Cosmos and the Logos (The): Being the Lectures for 1901-2 on the L. P. Stone Foundation in the Princeton Theological Seminary; also Delivered in the Theological Seminary at Auburn, New York. By the Rev. Henry Collin Minton, D.D. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 319 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Edward Plantagenet (Edward I.): The English Justinian. By Edward Jenks, M.A. Illustrated. (Heroes of Nations Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 360 pages. $1.30, net.

The last quarter of the thirteenth century is one of the most interesting periods of history. France had already felt the impetus to a more ordered life, an impetus given by St. Louis. England was now to feel the force of her own great lawgiver, Edward I. His reign (1272–1307) marks the rise and development of English Common Law, an event nothing more nor less than the coming into conscious existence of the great English nation itself. It is a satisfaction, therefore, that this biography of Edward I.—the latest addition to that admirable series, "Heroes of the Nations"—is from the pen of the Reader of English Law at Oxford, Mr. Edward Jenks. Not every reader will agree with all of the learned professor's conclusions—as, for instance, when he says that the Middle Ages began when, in A.D. 330, Constantine moved the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople. But all his points are made with a lawyer's nicety of language, and we close the biography feeling that, great as he was in war, Edward I. was greater in peace; he was before everything England's pre-eminent achiever in statecraft and legislation; he knew how to crystallize in concrete form, that is, into common law, the national spirit of the English people.

Frédérique. By Marcel Prévost. Translated by Ellen Marriage. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 396 pages. $1.50.

A book well worth translating. Of late, French fiction-writers of the psychological school have had much to say of what they are fond of calling *féminism*. To render this by our phrase "woman's movement" would not be correct, yet, so far as M. Prévost's vigorous book is concerned, the real subject is *a* woman's movement, not for the suffrage, but for independent and individual life—freedom from the necessity of living only for marriage, from the danger of becoming a mere victim or mere pet of man. Thus, in a way, the subject is not unlike that which Sarah Grand has made so much of, but M. Prévost's story at least is free from petulance, snappishness, and violent rhetoric. Two young girls whose own family history is sad and shameful come under the influence of a noble-minded woman (herself almost a cripple, and alone as to family ties) who has organized a band of women reformers. Their modest aim is to help in making woman's life better in possibilities through education and especially by organizing technical instruction and by encouraging self-reliance. They almost make Mills's "Subjection of Women" their Bible, but practically they try to do in France what the Toynbee Institute, the People's Palace, Cooper and Pratt Institutes, Hull House, and the college settlements have done for young women in England and the United States. The two girls join the movement with ardor, and vow to themselves to avoid love and marriage, though celibacy is not a positive requisite in the band of workers which they join. Inevitably in the end comes the struggle, in one case with love, in the other with jealousy. The situation is treated with dignity and force. The main object of the author is not to present arguments but to analyze character and motive, yet he does in point of fact give a striking picture of French social conditions and furnish an earnest plea for better opportunities and better ideals in the life of French women of the middle and lower classes. The book holds the reader's attention closely throughout. The translation is notably well done.

Golden Way (A). By Albert Le Roy Bartlett. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 161 pages. $1.50.

Graded Physical Exercises. By Bertha Louise Colburn. Illustrated. Edgar S. Werner Publishing & Supply Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 389 pages. $1.

Hand of God in American History (The). By Robert Ellis Thompson, S.T.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 235 pages. $1, net.

The principle which is at the basis of the argument of this book is sound—that, to quote from the fifteenth chapter, "the story of a

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nation's life contained in the Old and New Testaments is not an exceptional or isolated instance of God's methods with the peoples of the earth. The conditions of national perpetuity and peace, which were put before the Jews in their Laws and their Prophets, are those which exist for every other people to the end of time." If the reader is led by the infelicitous title to expect a profusion of clerical idiom, he will be agreeably disappointed; for the author is free to admit that "it is not permitted for any one to play privy councilor to the Almighty." The character of the discussion is not in any sense profound or original; it evidently is not intended to be. The conclusion seems to be that, under Providential guidance, "republics live by minding their own business."

Hand-Book—1902. Compiled by Thomas E. Finegan, A.M. Published by the Department of Public Instruction of the State of New York, Albany, N. Y. 4½×3 in. 203 pages.

"Har Lampkins." By Abel Patton. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 192 pages. $1.

Heart and Home Ballads: A Book of New England Verse. By Joe Cone. Illustrated. L. E. Smart, Cambridge, Mass. 5¼×8 in. 94 pages. 75c.

Her Little Sister Polly. By Ella Florence Padon. Illustrated. The Continental Publishing Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 75 pages.

Historical Hand-Book of the Reformed Church in the United States. By the Rev. James I. Good. (Second Edition.) The Heidelberg Press, Philadelphia. 5½×7¾ in. 96 pages. 50c.

Hoch der Kaiser. Myself and Gott. By A. McGregor Rose. (A. M. R. Gordon.) Illustrated. (Second Edition.) The Abbey Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 28 pages. 50c.

Leopard's Spots (The): A Romance of the White Man's Burden—1865-1900. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 465 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Lepidus the Centurion: A Roman of To-Day. By Edwin Lester Arnold. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 305 pages. $1.50.

A riotously fanciful tale of an Englishman who brings to life a comatose young Roman centurion, who embarrasses him by his *naïveté* and imperiousness, scandalizes and fascinates his friends, becomes his rival in love, and raises mysterious queries in his mind about double personality. It begins in farce and ends in melodrama.

Love in Its Tenderness: Idylls of Enochdhu. By J. R. Aitken. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 317 pages. $1.

Magic Wheel (The). By John Strange Winter. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7½ in. 386 pages. $1.25.

Melomaniacs. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

An insistent B major for seven days, resulting in torture, insanity, and death; the ambition of a man of illegitimate birth, fostered and then frustrated by a silly deception; absinthe, cigarettes, and a morbidly crazy admirer of Chopin; a highly colored fanciful portrait of a future composer who "dreamed dreams of madmen," and of a woman whose "green eyes seemed shot with blood;" a kettle-drum player and a bassoon player who "played duets for bassoon and tympani, and then read Amiel's Journal and wept"—if this is the sort of thing you like, you may find more and a plenty in the rest of the book. Its satire does not save it from being unwholesome. The style is of the sort that would be called distinctly clever if it were the production of a less mature writer.

Napoleon: A Sketch of His Life, Character, Struggles, and Achievements. By Thomas E. Watson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×8½ in. 719 pages. $2.25.

Reserved for later notice.

New World and the New Thought (The). By James Thompson Bixby, Ph.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 219 pages. $1.

Dr. Bixby here addresses certain groups of people outside of the churches and inside. Some of the intellectual and practical problems that interest them are discussed in an attractive and popular manner with clear and keen thought and in good literary style. The new cosmology of modern science demands a new theology in place of that which was fitted to old notions of the universe, and this is drawn by Dr. Bixby in broad and simple terms. The difficulty of the agnostic is treated at length, and helpfully to agnostics whose impediment is of the intellect and not of the will. The bearing of evolution upon Christianity, and the Old Testament as literature, are so presented as to give good pilotage to those who are at sea on those subjects, and so is the relationship of Christian discipleship to moral life. Concerning modern dogmatism Dr. Bixby rightly holds that "finespun and arrogant orthodoxy is itself responsible for half of the heterodoxy of which it complains." One may differ from Dr. Bixby's recommendations for promoting the union of the churches. Instead of putting first the cultivation of mutual respect, and fourth the practical service of God and our fellows, the reverse order is more promising. It is by co-operation in social services, as the divine service to which we are bound in common, that the speediest way to mutual self respect is found.

Our Risen King's Forty Days. By George Dana Boardman, D.D., L.L.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 214 pages. $1.25, net.

The Biblical narratives of the ten recorded appearances of Jesus to his disciples after his resurrection are the subject of this volume. Their treatment is expository in Dr. Boardman's well-known style, vivid and rhetorical, with imaginative touches and practical comments. It is undoubtedly true that the Church has laid a disproportionate and unscriptural emphasis upon the death of Jesus, and needs to lay the equal stress upon his resurrection that was laid on it in the Apostolic age. This is a point that Dr. Boardman does well to emphasize. He also makes a true point that is commonly overlooked when he says: "After all, the real question in the matter of his resurrection is not, 'Did Christ's body rise?' That is but a subordinate, incidental issue." The real question is, "Whether Jesus Christ himself is risen, and is alive to-day," wielding his redemptive power. Of this, the proof that Dr. Boardman points to is in the present facts of

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human experience. With this sound distinction in mind between the real and the phenomenal resurrection, it seems somewhat inconsistent to point to the historical facts on record as the demonstration to the believer of "the absolute certainty" of Christianity. The view taken by Dr. Boardman is that Jesus rose from the dead in a material body, and in a material body will return.

Patricia of the Hills. By Charles Kennett Burrow. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 330 pages. $1.20, net.

A story of Irish life written with refinement of style and with not a little moral and social purpose. There are well-contrasted characters in both high and low grades of life, and the questions of landlordism and of peasant suffering and difficulties are treated in a new way.

Phantom Caravan (The). By Cordelia Powell Oldenheimer. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 131 pages. $1.

Ping-Pong (Table-Tennis): The Game and How to Play It. By Arnold Parker. Illustrated with Many Diagrams. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 112 pages. 75c.

The first of what will probably prove to be a considerable literature about a new game of a very innocent and engaging kind. The aim of the writer is in an untechnical way to present what he calls the "chief strokes" of ping pong. No small part of the probable popularity of this game will be due to its name. There are signs that it will become a fad.

Poems. By Joel Swartz, D.D. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 237 pages.

Political Primer of New York City and State (A). By Adele M. Fielde. The League for Political Education, New York. 4¼×6¾ in. 118 pages. 50c.

Russian Political Institutions. By Maxime Kovalevsky. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5½×8¼ in. 299 pages. $1.50, net.

This has a good deal of valuable information for patient students of Russian affairs, but needs to be rewritten by some one as familiar with American ignorance as the author is with Russian learning. Though written in English, this book is not adapted to the needs of English readers. A translator is needed.

Sandals (The): A Tale of Palestine. By Z. Grenell. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×6½ in, 59 pages. 40c., net.

Sectional Struggle (The): An Account of the Troubles Between the North and the South from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Civil War. By Cicero W. Harris. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6×9 in. 343 pages. $2.50, net.

All of our historians have made the sectional struggle the principal theme of their narrative of our post-Revolutionary period, and Mr. Harris, in making this struggle his sole theme, restricts himself to telling us more of that phase of our history with which we are most familiar. In matters of detail—and particularly in matters of detail about our tariff history—he tells us a good deal more than any other single volume on this period gives, but he contributes little of importance to the general knowledge of the period. In theological phrase, the volume may be classed among works of supererogation.

Silent Pioneer (The). By Lucy Cleaver McElroy. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 391 pages. $1.50.

A tale of early days in Kentucky, with Daniel Boone among the characters. It is a simply told story of pioneer hardship, of faithful love, of a maiden captured by the Indians, and of her rescue by her lover. The book certainly has action and directness, and in a rather unliterary way has considerable merit.

Silver Cord (The) and the Golden Bowl. By Grace Adele Pierce. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 148 pages. $1.

Sir David Wilkie. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. Illustrated. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 134 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Some Objections to the Episcopal Church Considered and Answered. By J. A. Shanklin. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4½×6½ in. 36 pages. 5c.

Story of Pemaquid (The). By James Otis. (Volume II. of the "Pioneer Towns of America." Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 181 pages. 50c.

Studies of the Greek Poets. By John Addington Symonds. The Macmillan Co., New York. Third Edition. In 2 vols. 5½×8½ in. $6.

The third edition of a work which has proved quite invaluable to the general reader because of its combination of adequate knowledge with critical insight and with great charm of style, and which has commanded the respect of experts in a field which has been very thoroughly worked, and in which the mass of critical material has assumed immense proportions. These studies are to be commended, not only because they give a very full and sympathetic interpretation of Greek literature, but because they interpret the Greek genius and the Greek mind with rare comprehension. They have the thoroughness of the dry-as-dust student, and they have all the charm with which Mr. Symonds enveloped every subject which has appealed to his imagination.

Under My Own Roof. By Adelaide L. Rouse. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 291 pages. $1.20, net.

This is the account of a plan and its fulfillment by an unmarried woman of forty years of age, to build for herself a home in a Jersey suburb of the metropolis. The style is simple yet contagiously vivacious. Many readers, jaded and distracted with more complex books, may find refreshment in this.

Unrequited Love. By Otto Stechhan. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 229 pages. $1.

Verba Crucis. By the Rev. T. Calvin McClelland. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 77 pages. 50c.

It is doubtful if there be a better book than this upon the Seven Sayings from the Cross There are few that we have seen so good. In thought, feeling, and expression it is not only elevated, but happily free from conventionalism and the commonplace. The elegant form given it by the publishers, as well as its substance, makes it an appropriate gift for the Easter season.

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Correspondence

The Wisconsin Political Situation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Referring to the recent article in The Outlook by Amos P. Wilder upon Governor La Follette and Wisconsin politics, I wish to say that your contributor is ill informed.

Mr. La Follette is an able and brilliant man. But to many sincere lovers of Wisconsin who can claim average intelligence and the usual degree of honesty he is judged to have had his day. There is a general distrust of his motives and sincerity. And at best he has no political wisdom. He has not shown statesmanship. His election two years ago was largely an accident. The National leaders of the Republican party entreated the Wisconsin politicians not to have a division in their ranks during the Presidential year. The result was that Mr. La Follette had no opposition and was nominated unanimously. He had the chance of his life, which he has lost, with no one to blame but himself. The real opposition arose to him, not from opposition to the primary election law and not to any tax reform, but to Mr. La Follette himself. He showed himself to be an ambitious political egotist. His own friends deserted him. His present following has its strength from office-holders whom he has appointed, with, of course, others from no doubt honest motives.

Mr. Whitehead has come to the front without his own seeking. Next to Senator Spooner he is probably the strongest man politically in Wisconsin to-day. He worked his own way through Yale College. He has been a leading lawyer in Wisconsin for many years. He is the Republican leader in the State Senate. He is a recognized leader among the Congregationalists of Wisconsin, President of the State Young Men's Christian Association, Trustee of the Chicago Theological Seminary, corporate member of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and was suggested as President of Beloit College before President Eaton withdrew his late resignation. His only political weakness has come about through his supreme virtues. Some object to him on account of his temperance views, but his temperance views are the same as The Outlook's temperance views. Some call him puritanical, but he is simply a broad-minded, earnest Christian. It is reported that one of the Wisconsin politicians came to him the other day advising him not to make so many Young Men's Christian Association addresses, and it is said that Mr. Whitehead replied to the effect that there were other things quite as important as being Governor of Wisconsin. This is the spirit of the man. He will undoubtedly receive the nomination for Governor unless he is defeated by those who call him puritanical and object to his temperance views. This same element will unite on Mr. La Follette, which ought to show the character of the two men.

The issue in Wisconsin to-day is not the primary election law. Mr. Whitehead is in favor of a primary election law. The issue is not the Tax Commission. Mr. Whitehead is the father of the present Tax Commission and is acknowledged authority in Wisconsin on the subject. The Tax Commission is working out its problems slowly and surely, and in the end Mr. Whitehead will have the credit for it. The issue in Wisconsin politics to-day is La Folletteism pure and simple. This carried to its logical conclusion would mean the worst kind of bossism.

It is an open secret in Wisconsin that La Folletteism means driving Mr. Spooner out of the United States Senate and putting in his place a certain wealthy lumberman who is reported to be furnishing the money for the La Follette campaign. Mr. La Follette is the enemy of Mr. Spooner, the best and ablest man Wisconsin ever sent to Washington. It is well understood in Wisconsin that the La Follette element did their utmost to prevent the appointment of Mr. Payne as Postmaster-General.

The writer is opposed to machine politics, but any one who really knows the state of things in Wisconsin believes that the new machine would be far worse than the old one, and as between two evils the old machine is the better. As for that matter, Mr. Whitehead is the same type of man as Mr. Roosevelt, and no machine can

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ever dominate him. But Mr. La Follette is his own machine and the whole thing.

Beloit, Wis. E. P. SALMON.

Christian Scientists in Germany

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The First Church of Christ Scientist (*Erste Kirche Christi des Scientisten*) in Berlin was organized some time ago with the customary permission of the authorities, and the notices of services were published every week in the Berlin newspapers. There is also a Christian Science Reading-Room, which is announced at all the services, and a Berlin Christian Science Institute. What is true of Berlin is true of other cities of the German Empire, such as Hanover, Dresden, Heidelberg, Cannstatt, etc., namely, Christian Scientists have been entirely free to worship God as they saw fit.

It is becoming more apparent every day that an attempt was made to induce the Emperor to confound it with faith-cure, "spiritualism," "mysticism," and "obscurantism" of various forms. I beg leave to attach the translation of a brief official communication which appeared in the "Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger" of February 16, over the signature of the Principal of the Berlin Christian Science Institute:

> I venture to hope that you will grant me, as a teacher and representative of Christian Science, a brief reply to all the attacks which have recently been made against our teaching, since the latter is not at all accurately understood in Germany. The teaching of Christian Science has not the least connection with what was formerly known as faith-cure (*Gesundbeten*). If the reports given in the papers are authentic, I can only declare that such practices have not the least in common with the true teaching of Christian Science.
>
> Our task is: To demonstrate the essential unity between science and Christianity, Christianity and science. We believe that wherever objections arise against Christian Science the sole cause is to be found in misinformation on the subject of its true teaching and activity. To be sure, there is no teaching which is secure against misunderstanding and misuse.
>
> (Signed) MRS. F. T. SEAL, C.S.B.

There is likewise a communication from a Christian Scientist in the "Deutsche Evangelische Kirchenzeitung," edited by the well-known Dr. Adolf Stoecker, who spoke on the subject of Christian Science in the Reichstag. This is calculated to dissipate any misconceptions into which the German public may have fallen. Dr. Stoecker states in the issue of this periodical for January 25 that among those who are becoming Christian Scientists in Germany are "hosts of Christians, especially from the aristocracy." "Even generals and high government officials (*Regierungspräsidenten*) declare their adherence to it with enthusiasm."

Christian Scientists welcome every sincere investigation into the blessed teachings which have given them health and happiness. They have no exclusive knowledge which is not open to all who will search for it. W. D. MCCRACKAN.

Christian Science Publication Committee for the State of New York.

"What is Truth?"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In Professor Pritchett's address, as published in The Outlook of March 8, on "What is Truth," he seems to take for granted that every one who is an anxious inquirer after truth is competent to solve the problem by individual investigation, using, of course, what light and knowledge may be available. Is that true? Has not the history of the past proven that only a comparatively few persons have the earnestness and mental ability for independent investigation? How many of us can safely trust ourselves in coming to a final decision on any fundamental truth of religion?

Are we not much safer in taking the consensus of belief of those who are endowed by the God of nature with larger ability and have had larger facilities for ascertaining what is truth? It seems to me that, while we are to use what ability we have to find the truth, yet, after all, it is wiser to defer to the judgment of the great thinkers and scholars of any age for independent investigation and right conclusions. I know, as you intimate in your remarks on this address of Dr. Pritchett's, that individual specialists often become very dogmatic and bigoted in their opinions. But where there is a consensus of agreement on any large question of truth, it seems to me, we are more likely to find the truth than by any investigations of our own, and conclusions arrived at, independently of what the great leaders of thought have given us.

Lone Tree, Iowa. G. W. L.

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Rheumatism

The Editor of the NEW ALBANY (Ind.) MEDICAL HERALD, in the course of an article on the treatment of Rheumatism says:

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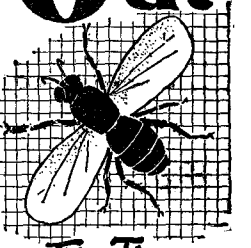

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For Singers and Speakers

The New Remedy for Catarrh is Very Valuable

A Grand Rapids gentleman who represents a prominent manufacturing concern and travels through central and southern Michigan, relates the following regarding the new catarrh cure, he says:

"After suffering from catarrh of the head, throat, and stomach for several years, I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets quite accidentally, and like everything else I immediately bought a package and was decidedly surprised at the immediate relief it afforded me and still more to find a complete cure after several weeks' use.

"I have a little son who sings in a boy's choir in one of our prominent churches, and he is greatly troubled with hoarseness and throat weakness, and on my return home from a trip I gave him a few of the tablets one Sunday morning when he had complained of hoarseness. He was delighted with their effect, removing all huskiness in a few minutes and making the voice clear and strong.

"As the tablets are very pleasant to the taste, I had no difficulty in persuading him to use them regularly.

"Our family physician told us they were an antiseptic preparation of undoubted merit and that he himself had no hesitation in using and recommending Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for any form of catarrh.

"I have since met many public speakers and professional singers who used them constantly. A prominent Detroit lawyer told me that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets kept his throat in fine shape during the most trying weather, and that he had long since discarded the use of cheap lozenges and troches on the advice of his physician that they contained so much tolu, potash, and opium as to render their use a danger to health."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large pleasant tasting lozenges composed of catarrhal antiseptics, like Red Gum, Blood Root, etc., and sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full treatment.

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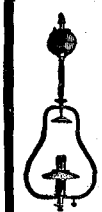

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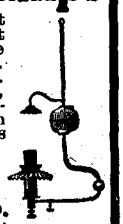

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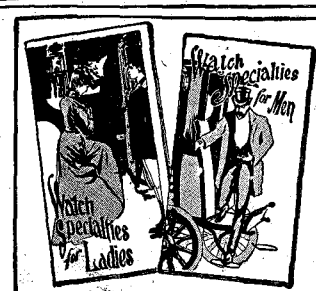

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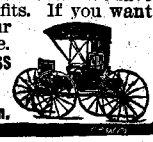

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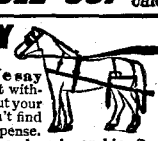

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A BLIND WANDERER

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A well-known writer uses Grape-Nuts as a tonic when feeling the effects of extra heavy work. She writes: "Grape-Nuts should be taken regularly as one would a tonic. I eat mine cold in the morning with hot milk or cream poured over it, and it is delicious, nourishing, and strengthening.

Some time ago I said to a lady friend who was a great sufferer from dyspepsia and has been an invalid for five years, and who was a mere skeleton, 'If I had only known you sooner you need not have suffered all these years.' She looked at me in surprise and asked me what I would have done. 'I should have put you on Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food,' I replied, quite confidently. 'Did you ever hear of it?' Oh yes, she had heard of it but never tried it as she had never had her attention called to it especially and had not thought it applied to her needs.

'Now,' I said, 'if you will just set about it and try Grape-Nuts for a week, three times a day, I will guarantee you will rise up and call me blessed.'

She took my advice and followed it faithfully. When I saw her about a week later she looked like a different person although she had only gained two pounds in weight, but said she felt so much better and stronger and has greatly improved in health and strength since using the food.

She is getting well and you can imagine her delight is unbounded. My own experience and that of others is sufficient evidence of the scientific value of a food that supplies nourishment to the system and builds up the brain and nerve centers." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics, in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth, and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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